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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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[For The Pacific.]

HAUNTED LIVES.

I have read of ancient castles
Where sad spirits, clad in white,
Passed along the gloomy hallways
In the shadows of the night;

Of deserted homes where wandered
Up and down, with restless tread,
Heavy-hearted men and women
From the regions of the dead.

Thinking of these haunted houses,
Like the phantoms from the past,
Through my own life passed the specters
Of the hours that could not last—

Waisted hours—now gone forever!
But regreat can never gain
What neglect has lost—God never
Gives those treasures back again.

Others weep above the buried
Hopes that lie along the years;
Others see the distant eden
As it glimmers thro' their tears.

They with me must find a solace
In the moments that remain;
In the doing of our duty
We shall paradise regain;

In the helping of our fellows
We shall see our hopes arise,
Robed in resurrection beauty
Like the stars that gem the skies.

Haunted by this noble purpose
Let us struggle through the strife,
Till within our Masters presence
We receive the crown of life.

Leonard J. Garver.

Olympia, Wash. Ty. March 22, 1888.

FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST.

Is it Dr. Johnson that says, "Don't talk about the weather"? But how can one help it in such a March as this? Snow to the right of you! snow to the left of you! snow on your head and under your feet! Trunk line trains snowed in, business men snowed out! "The oldest inhabitant" died without seeing such a March as this. The writer was from Monday forenoon at 11 o'clock to Friday afternoon at 7 o'clock getting from Providence to New York, blizzard week. Bright and sunny as this last day of the month is, there is a snow-pile five feet high on Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Good men are asking if this Eastern storm is a hint to stop boasting of our weather as contrasted with Dakota. Never another blizzard out there that will not stir sympathy here. God has wondrous ways of making us one in his work.

Despite the storms of the season, the winter has been one of large blessing among the churches. Dr. Pentecost and Rev. B. Fay Mills hold honored rank among the Lord's special workers at the problems of human salvation. Great prominence is given to such work of late. The evangelistic method has passed beyond the stage of doubtful experiment. God honors it. Pastors call for it. Churches adopt it. Unsaved men yield to Christ before its power. The conversion of men is not a lost art. Single-handed pastors have done royal service in this line in these busy months. Good men are studying the reasons for the larger apparent success of specialists. Once it seemed to lie largely in the use of sensational methods. Few pastors are less open to the charge of using sensation than the most successful soul-winners. Mr. Mills uses nothing of the kind. The unimpassioned presentation of the reasonableness of the gospel is his most marked characteristic. By that means he has left Providence in a condition of unwonted harmony among pastors and churches, while the coolest men say, "The town has been stirred as never before." We have not much faith in figures at the close of a series of such services, but many hundreds seem genuinely converted to God.

Meanwhile, some of the best men among us are intently studying what the Boston platform calls "the burning questions of the hour." They have nowhere else been so powerfully put, in their single urgency and in their related influence, as at the December meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Washington. Pastors and many others owe a heavy debt to the Alliance for the volume that meeting furnishes. "National Perils and Opportunities" furnish food for vigorous thought. The volume is not a supplement to "Our Country," but a thorough elaboration of most of its strongest points. Every home missionary ought to have it. If we were far enough West, the stir in the book market would be called a "boom." Dr. Arthur T. Pierson's "Crisis of Missions," Dr. William Barrows' "United States of Yesterday and Tomorrow," Dr. Daniel Dorchester's "Christianity in the United States," start questions that nothing but the power of God can solve. More life will go into the growth of the kingdom because of these discussions. More money is seen to be demanded at the hands of God's stewards. Less splash and more deep rowing are seen to be called for. Temperance legislation, *e. g.*, may do good. But thoughtful men are getting down to the two-pronged root of the drink evil—an overmastering individual appetite in its victims and greed for the moneyed gain there is in it. The best men are growing earnest in the advocacy of the gospel cure as the only reliable one. In New York State temperance legislation has been uphill work. It seems to have gained a point on the artful Governor. But no stone will be left unturned. This great city almost literally swims in whisky; ditto, Boston; ditto, most of the great centers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What a day for our struggling benevolent societies if one per cent. of this so much worse than wasted money and life consumed in drink and smoke could turn on the work of advancing the coming glory of our King! Faith was never stronger, deeper, broader, in the ultimate triumph of the faith and work of the Church of God. Many eyes will watch and pray till and during and after the International Missionary Conference in London, in June. Many a "Grand Army man" will recall the eager expectancy of the rank and file when the generals met. It had a hint of aggression. What if men of God, assembled in London, should portion out the field, throw out the skirmishers, concentrate the corps, stop overlapping, fix on January 1, 1900, as the latest day for the actual giving of the testimony of the risen Christ to all men! Is it too much for ten million of consecrated American Protestants, when other lands can add as many more? Put it to vote, from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. What else would cement the nations like that? Twenty-three hundred self-moved volunteers hint what might be.

New York. L. H. C.

FIRST MINISTER IN CALIFORNIA.

Editors Pacific: A copy of the *Christian Secretary* of March 8th, published at Hartford, Conn., has been sent to me, containing a letter from S. Elbridge Smith, dated Los Angeles, February 17th, in which occurs the following statement: "The first Protestant minister in California was the Rev. O. C. Wheeler, D.D. He preached his first sermon in San Francisco, in the dwelling of Mr. C. L. Ross, in February, 1849, just 39 years ago this very month. Mr. Wheeler at that time organized a Sabbath-school. There were two teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, and one scholar, a little boy, son of Hon. John W. Geary, late Governor of Pennsylvania. On the fourth Sunday there were only six persons to hear the preacher, three of them residents in the house, and the Sabbath-school of one scholar and two teachers."

The writer probably got his information second-hand. As a matter of fact, it is well known by all the early settlers that the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt was the first Protestant minister on this Coast who acted as such. He arrived October 30, 1848, I think, as stated in his reminiscences lately published in The Pacific. It is true that Dr. Leavenworth, an Episcopal minister, was here at the time, acting as Alcalde for San Francisco, but I never heard of his exercising the functions of the ministerial office. Rev. O. C. Wheeler could not have been here in February, 1849, unless he came before the steamers began to run. The first steamer (the *California*) arrived on the morning of the last day of February, 1849. I saw her as she came into the harbor, from my dwelling on Washington street. The Rev. Dr. Woodbridge and Rev. Albert Williams were passengers, and I think Dr. Willey of Benicia, also. My impression is that Rev. Mr. Wheeler was a passenger on the second steamer (the *Panama*), which arrived on the 1st of April, 1849. I know that the Hon. John Geary, mentioned above, was a passenger on the *Panama*, inasmuch as I met him on board before the passengers were landed; so that if his son was present at the organization of the Sunday-school referred to, it must have been subsequent to the date of the arrival of the *Panama*. Rev. Mr. Wheeler is now acting, I believe, as baggage-master for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and can correct me if I am in error. Whether his Sunday-school was the first organized on this Coast, I am not able to say; but the Baptist church was *not* the first one organized, though it may have put up the first church building. I do not remember the dates in reference to *that*, although the edifice was on the lot adjoining my residence. Governor Geary came out here with the appointment of Postmaster, and occupied part of my house for awhile as a postoffice. He was afterwards Mayor of San Francisco, and subsequently a distinguished officer in the war of the Rebellion. These matters may seem to be of small importance, but it is just as well to have the facts of history correctly stated. As the paper containing the extract was marked and sent to me, I have construed it into an invitation to correct the statement.

Yours truly, C. E. Wetmore.

The Ohio Legislature has passed a township local-option bill, also a bill providing for scientific temperance instruction in public schools.

BREEZES BLOWN FROM BOSTON.

Boston had been blessed with almost a week of absolutely perfect weather—not a suggestion of an east wind, not a "sea turn"—as the fogs are called—not a cloud in the sky. I thought that spring was at hand, and began to long for dandelion greens and fresh rhubarb pies. When, one fair morning, I met the raggedest of ragged urchins with an armful of freshly cut pussy-willows, I *knew* that the bluebirds would speedily follow, and the crocuses and tulip beds soon be aglow with color. How could I help exchanging a bright new silver quarter for a dozen of those slender twigs all studded with soft gray "pussy-ears," such as I had waded many a brook to gather in the far-away days of childhood? I laid them against my cheek—"and tried to feel young again"? Oh, no; I only wanted to give way to the thrill of grateful joy for this promise of an early spring.

But the boy in tatters was wiser than I, for, reading my thoughts, he shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"You bet, I'd be awful glad if 'twas to git to be spring right square of now, but 'twon't; never did no sech ways I rec'lect. We'll have lots o' snow, 'n ice, 'n cold weather, you bet; an' I tell yer what, Miss, I *hopes* yer ain't poor, coz ef yer be, why, likes not, you'll wish you'd a-kept this quarter, fur coal's fur rich uns this year—it be, for sartin."

That night the sun set in a sea of golden light, but with a rim of copper just above the horizon that meant mischief. I thought of the boy's prophecy, and in a half-hearted way *hoped* for sunny weather. But the morning began with rain and wind. *Such* wind! By midday snow was falling. And *such* snow! The flakes were like slices cut from a slab of ice-cream, each one large enough to fill a saucer—if the saucer happened to be of proportions approved by boarding-house mistresses. That is the way our most-remarkable-on-record storm began; and, although this city got off easily compared to New York, there was no suggestion of dandelion greens or buttercup blossoms floating in the air, so far as I discovered. With no mail from any point, no milk—not even by way of the town pump—nobody coming and nobody going, Boston seemed like a country village.

The snow is gone, but the sunny days which preceded the storm are buried too deep for resurrection. We can only hope, as we brace up to face the chilling, crawling, life-sucking east wind, that "God hasn't lost the pattern" of those perfect days, and that some morning we may wake to find that we are to be blessed again.

Busy days are these Boston days, whether they come with storm or with sunshine, and one must needs be made of strong material to keep pace with the thorough-duty-fulfilling Boston woman. What with clubs, coteries and charities; readings, recitals and receptions; musicales and meetings for discussing this, that, or maybe the other; exhibitions of pictures, fairs, teas, etc., etc., etc., there is enough to keep one busy, especially if there happen to be a few odds and ends of home affairs requiring attention.

Boston still keeps her place as leader in nearly all the enterprises involving the welfare of mankind. I came near saying *intellectual* welfare, but bethought me that industrial schools—schools where manual training is the chief object—are too numerous to be overlooked, and are accomplishing unmeasured good. In these, as well as in the arts, the sciences and the professions, both men and women find opportunities for culture which no other city can give, and all through the school season Boston is one vast boarding-house, filled with the patrons of the numerous schools.

At the great Conservatory of Music—the largest in the world—there are some fifteen hundred pupils "from all over," as they say in the Palmetto State (don't tell of it, but there is only one palmetto tree in that State, and I think that "went dead" some years ago). In the normal art school there are two hundred students, representing every part of the country. The school of technology has about one thousand; the schools of design nearly as many more. The schools of oratory and that of expression are full—only, like an omnibus, there is always room for one more. Medical colleges, dental colleges, law schools, commercial colleges—every department of learning has its full quota of students gathered from the four corners of these United States. To recite the list of occupations for which there is not to be found opportunity for special, practical training would be far easier than to catalogue what are available to those who wish such education.

If it be true that every thought of every brain is a force to help or hinder humanity in its life-work, may it not be quite possible that the "atmosphere" of Boston is better for study than that of any other city, because the thought of so many is bent toward intellectual development?

It makes one have a little touch of the shivers to think of the responsibility we are under to *think* right as well as *do* right, if a *thought* has power to harm or help another. Most of us like to have our little circus of "ugly thinks," as a small boy called them, even though we may be all amiability to the world. We feel it quite a burden to be compelled at all times to keep guard over against that refractory door, the mouth, lest some one of the little animals escape. If we must eliminate the whole brood or suffer from their depredations, notwithstanding we have kept them caged, we had better go out of the circus business at once. Maybe, after all, "pure in heart," means wholesome, kindly, helpful thinking, which would result in literally fulfilling the command, "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

FREE KINDERGARTENS.

Ten years ago Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, a daughter of the late Professor Agassiz, established the first free kindergarten in this city. With abundant means at her own disposal, she set about doing for Boston what, as a labor of love, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, aided by the generosity of San Franciscans, is accomplishing in your city. The first year there were four in operation, with an attendance of 168. The following year six more were added, making room for 476 children. From 1879 to 1885 there were twenty-one schools in operation, caring for 1,377 children, at an average yearly expense of about $30,000. Remember, this was all provided for by *one woman*, the princely gift of a great, generous, humanity-loving heart. Who can doubt that the heaviest burden brought her by the reduction in her income was in the fear that her schools could no longer be maintained. At first she consented to reduce their number to seventeen; then to fifteen, and, finally, to fourteen. See how reluctantly she permitted any of the good work to stop. Retrench anywhere save there. Do any way rather than turn adrift these wards of the street, whose only chance to be saved from thorough training in the school where criminals are manufactured is to keep within the shelter of the "child's paradise." At last the city has made progress toward relieving Mrs. Shaw of what is now a heavy burden. Both the Common Council and the Board of Aldermen have passed the order recommending an allowance of $20,000 per annum for support of the kindergartens. This, to be sure, is short by one-third, but it is the entering wedge, and let us hope that another year the amount may be largely increased. Boston has done another good thing. It has for some time had upon its Public School Board one woman. It has now elected a second, and the hope grows that these two may, by their excellent service, create a demand for more, not because of the great desire to see women in office, but because people are growing to feel that educated, thinking women are quite as capable of determining what is good to introduce into schools as are men who, while just as anxious to secure the best results, have less leisure to devote to their duties as members of the School Board, and are, consequently, quite likely to go wrong for want of time.

The bill to permit women to vote on local option has passed one branch of the Massachusetts Legislature; what its fate will be in the other branch it is impossible to tell. Although women have for some time had the legal right to vote at municipal elections on all questions pertaining to schools, only a limited number have availed themselves of it. Whether the temperance question will arouse them sufficiently to bring them to the polls remains to be seen. Across Charles river, in Cambridge, the "no-license" ticket was successfully championed by the women. One dear old white-haired, white-souled woman, who has passed her four-score mile-post, stood all day at the polls, giving out no-license tickets.

And yet in that same old Cambridge town, Miss Frances Willard was recently refused permission to speak in Sanders' theater to the students of Harvard College, on the subject of temperance. The refusal came from President Elliot, who "does not believe in women lecturing to young men on any subject." Considering the broad gauge of Harvard's education railway track, it seems to me it has a rather narrow-headed conductor to run its train. Nevertheless, Miss Willard lectured in Cambridge, Union Hall doing quite as well as Sanders' theater, and I fancy if Mr. President had called for a list of the audience, he would have found a surprisingly large number of familiar names. "The world do move," and it is about time Harvard should have a President who is awake to that little fact.

Lida Delano Crane.

March 24, 1888.

Let us shake off indolence.

The Woman's Board

OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to. Miss Grace Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1720 Geary street, S. F.

It should have been added to the article on "Tithes," which appeared in our Column last week, that the poem "God's Financial System" was taken from the *Mission Studies*, the little monthly published by the "Board of the Interior," and that the tract on "The Tithe" was written by our Mrs. Merritt of Oakland. Only half of the tract was published, and any who would like the whole tract can have it by applying at The Pacific office, or of the Home Secretaries of the Woman's Board.

OUR APRIL MEETING.

"As far as to Bethany" the sisterhood took their way on Wednesday last. The day was bright at last, although doubtful in the morning, and so, barring the Oakland leaders, who, for various causes, were detained, the wonted faces were seen in their wonted places. After the devotional exercises and reading of Secretary's report, the President spoke with much tenderness and sympathy of the death of Mrs. Crawford of Broosa, also of Mr. Logan's death in Micronesia, the particulars of which will be given hereafter. Extracts from one of Miss Doughaday's interesting letters were read. A recent letter from Mr. Perkins was read. No daily "delivery" as here, where the welcome postman's ring strikes our ears twice or thrice each day, and so letters which are a luxury to us are doubly so to our workers in their far distant fields. Superstitious notions contributed to give Mr. and Mrs. Perkins a welcome by the natives to their new home. A prayer for rain, much needed for the growing crops, which seemed to have a wonderfully prompt answer, attributed to the new missionaries almost divine power. "He brought the rain" was heard on all sides. So says Mr. Perkins, "Our coming brings a blessing with it." Madura is many miles distant, and yet their bread and vegetables, and nearly everything needed for their daily use, must be brought from this far-distant market. Extracts from Miss Wells' letters from Broosa were also read. She gives her first impressions of the Broosa school. It will be remembered that Miss Cull of Boston, and Miss Wells of Oberlin, have recently gone to take the place of Mrs. Baldwin, and now of Mrs. Crawford, who has died ere she had an opportunity to enter upon active work in Broosa. Miss Wells gives a very pleasant description of the Broosa school building, and speaks of Miss Rappelye as the founder of the school, and of her self-denying labors, which showed that Miss Rappelye's name and work is still held in affectionate remembrance by those who have succeeded her. A letter was read from Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, also from Miss West, whose sister, Mrs. Pike of our city, frequently gives us the reading of these private letters to herself. This letter dwells particularly on the welcome "home again" after one of what we should call those cheerless touring expeditions in Turkey. Cold and snow and mud and houses shared with the animals; no wonder that "home" with some American home comforts, was welcome, indeed. And do any begrudge our missionaries, in foreign lands, a "*home*," *somewhat*, in beds, in cleanliness and in food, like those they have left in their own land, to which they may retire after the wearisome and often repulsive labors of the day? We ask this question because it is often said, and by those who should know better, that our missionaries have the best houses in the place. This has been said lately by a public lecturer. If by the "*best*" it means a home properly built, with chairs and tables and cleanly beds, and an American stove for cooking, and pictures which have been loved gifts from friends far distant, and books—the indispensable companions of those so isolated from native land—can *any* eyes look upon them and wish they were less? And when the missionary ladies, in the fulness of their hospitality and delight in seeing any American or Englishman (a sea captain perchance), bring out the best they have, some unwonted luxury, perhaps, is it gracious in this guest, on his return, to say that "the missionaries live in luxury"? For shame, if such there be! and it is true that there are such, who do this.

And "servants they have, to do the cooking, and bring the water" (not hot and cold water in every room and all modern appliances) "and the fuel"! and why should they not, when they are sent to preach and to teach and to minister to the bodies and souls of men, and to learn the difficult language and translate the Bible into this difficult language and often make a written language? What else should they do but employ the natives, thus teaching them in better ways of living, while their own work for the souls of men is thus unhindered? But we have digressed from the report of our meeting. But it was all on account of that lecture and Mrs. West's letter. We will keep Mrs. West's letter to give in full at some future time.

A good letter from Mrs. Dr. Ingersoll of Micronesia, in which she speaks of Mr. and Mrs. Logan, and of Mr. Logan's feeble health. She says there is no doubt but that these islands are depressing to the nervous system. The rain pours in torrents, making the ground very damp, so we are in a perfect vapor bath all the time. The Ponapeans appear to me (says Dr. I.), a weak race, both mentally and physically—the Lord's "little ones" are they not? And will not those who have gone to teach them of Jesus and his love, reap the reward contained in this promise, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward"? We can not here refrain from calling to mind Mrs. Sturges' tender words of them who were to these devoted missionaries like their own children. Thirty-five girls are in this school on Ponape, and (says Dr. Ingersoll) they are very happy together; there is no quarreling among them. The school building is comfortable. Mention was made of the arrival of Miss Mary Porter, with her honored father, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, in Oakland, but the sainted mother is not with them. We anticipate with pleasure meeting with them, both in our social circles and in our missionary meetings. A very spicy letter was had from Miss Hattie Gulick Clark.

It was proposed and decided to change the hour of our meeting from 2 to 2:30. A cordial invitation was sent, inviting the Board to hold its May meeting in Berkeley. Having a delightful memory of our last meeting in Berkeley, also in May, the month of roses, the invitation was cordially accepted.

TIMELY.

By Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone.

One of the most vital and essential features of useful and beneficent action, and of productive personal endeavor in any sphere and relation of life, is that such outlay be not only wise and skillful, but that it be *timely*. Make such effort as we will in any scheme of ambition, desire and hope, if the effort be untimely so far as it affects the interest involved, it might as well have been dispensed with, and would produce probably more harm than profit.

It is always a question for careful and diligent study in our tasking of brain or hand, when is our exertion timely for a happy issue. We may lay out in vain at the wrong moment what would have won the victory at the favoring crisis, and so, by a heedless neglect of the day and hour pledged to success, find such success impracticable.

When a mate of ours doubts our sympathy and affection in some experience of trouble because of our silence in his suffering, he might have been strengthened and cheered, if we had stretched out to him, *in due season*, a warm and clasping hand, and so kept the bond of union bright and unweakened.

When the light and heat on our hearth are both declining, a seasonable supply of fuel will win our convenience and comfort, when a postponement of such supply will sacrifice both, and redouble our care and tasking.

One whom we know and love seems to us to be entering a perilous path of faith and practice, and to need a message of urgent warning; and if we delay this emphatic utterance, may be presently beyond the reach of our rescue, and confirmed in wrong.

Our physical condition needs the early application of an availing remedy, if we would be restored to health, and in our dislike of medical prescription, we may delay our recovery by delaying the remedy and so inaugurate the reign of obdurate infirmity.

Some high claim of truth and duty, urged upon us by faithful friendship or official sincerity may fail to carry our conviction, because we have forborne the *timely* inquiry into the grounds of such sacred obligation.

Thus in all matters of belief and of action, natural or spiritual, it is of the first importance that we make our outfit in every department of our being seasonable and *timely*, and so win vital success.

When you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

THE WOODLAND W. C. T. U.

We who have been for years identified with the work of this organization are sometimes surprised by the question, What is the W. C. T. U.? We propose before long to answer this question somewhat at length, but to-day have only to give the readers of THE PACIFIC an item of news from one of our Unions that will make glad every lover of God and humanity, and be a great surprise to some. Five years ago, when Miss Frances E. Willard visited this Coast, she was invited by the pastor of the Woodland Congregational church to visit that place, and was an honored guest in his home. Of course, she gave to that people one of her grand lectures, and organized one of her unions. She is herself such a warm-hearted, earnest Christian that she inspired that little company of women with an earnest purpose to do good work for the Master through that organization. They were not able at once to take up many of the various lines of work proposed, but began with a weekly temperance prayer-meeting, which was, of course, a *union* meeting of the Christian women of Woodland. That meeting has been sustained to the present time. The summer months in that valley—an arm of the great Sacramento valley—are *hot*, so that for weeks together the ladies do not go much upon the streets in the afternoons. During this heated term this little band of women have, for three summers past, met at 9 o'clock in the morning for their hour of prayer. They would not suspend, and this seemed the only plan they could adopt to continue the meetings at this season of the year. Most of them are busy housekeepers, doing their own work. So it will be seen at once that this plan involved a good deal of sacrifice, and evinced a most determined purpose. This fact is here detailed for an end. We believe it has a direct and most important bearing upon that which follows in this article. This little Union has had the varied experience of all such enterprises—dark days and bright days—the leaders at times almost on the verge of despair in view of the obstacles, the apathy of some, and the opposition of others, and yet it has held steadily on its way, doing a most important work in educating public sentiment through the various channels operated by this organization.

Two months ago the officers of this Union, inspired by the recent "Pasadena Decision," as well as that of the Supreme Court of the United States in favor of prohibition, got out a petition to the Supervisors of Yolo county, praying them to either pass an ordinance closing the saloons of Woodland, or give the citizens of the county an opportunity to vote upon the saloon question. These petitions were diligently circulated by the ladies, and signed by a large number of the solid men of the county. At the February meeting of the Board of Supervisors these petitions were brought together in a roll five or six feet long, and duly presented to that honorable body. A day was set apart for hearing the pleas *pro* and *con* in the Woodland Opera House. It had already become the one topic of discussion on the streets and in all public places. Woodland had never before been so stirred by any great *moral* question. The hearts of God's people were full of prayer, with, for the most part, a *tremulous* faith. At the appointed hour for the discussion the Opera House was well filled with representative men and women from all parts of the county. The best lawyers that Woodland could furnish were the appointed speakers—two on each side—and from 10 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, an hour excepted, that eager company listened to talk—some of it could hardly be called argument—for and against the saloon. Each side did their best. One man, Lawyer Hurst, on behalf of prohibition, made a compact, strong, manly, and telling speech, for which all good people thanked God and took courage. But the Board of Supervisors—committed before election to the saloon—could not be moved, save one. There was one honorable exception. These women, however, nothing daunted, came again before them at the March meeting, and purpose, like the poor widow before the unjust judge, to keep it up till they carry their point. But they have not rested there. Able lecturers have been brought in. First, Governor St. John, and then Colonel Woodford, who for the last two weeks has been nightly plying the truth, bringing forth facts and arguments that could not be answered. Sabbath night, March 25th, closed this series of meetings with the most enthusiastic one Woodland has ever known, and such as comes rarely to any people. At the close a collection was taken up for the W. C. T. U. and its work. Prepare to hold your breath, dear PACIFIC, while I tell you the rest. You will hardly be able to believe it, but it is all true. Sixteen hundred and four dollars was the sum of money counted at the close of that meeting! Surely, the millennium is about to dawn upon Woodland. Do you say now, "All honor to the Woodland W. C. T. U.?" Yes, but some of those good women will cover their faces when they read these lines, and say, "To God be all the glory!" and we say, "Amen!" It is he who nerves the heart and the arm. It is he who inspires and answers prayer. It is he who gives to good men the disposition and the wisdom to say the right thing at the right time. Nevertheless, we love and honor the agents used in such a work, and commend Governor St. John and Colonel Woodford to all our cities and counties who are wrestling with the saloon problem as most valuable helpers. But do not forget, dear friends everywhere, that it is only the mighty power of God that can bring victory in this great conflict that is upon us, and prayer is his own appointed means of calling down the blessing. It would be unjust, however, to close this sketch without a tribute to the Woodland pastors, of every name, who have been willing and able helpers in this great work. But they too will gladly testify that the W. C. T. U. has been the moving power, the pilot at the helm through all this glad and toilsome work.

M. L. M.

THE SECULAR THEORY OF EDUCATION.

This theory is industriously pressed upon American educators as the true and only practicable solution of the religious difficulties which environ the system of American education at the present day. These difficulties arise from the opposition of Roman Catholics to the entire school system of this country, and the hostility of infidels to every Christian idea in public instruction. The advocates of the secular theory present their scheme as a fair and impartial basis on which, it is claimed, all parties can unite. They say: "Romanists, Protestants and Freethinkers differ irreconcilably on questions of religion. But as to the necessity of secular instruction they are all agreed. Why not then devote our public schools, which are supported by all the people, to instruction in those branches as to which all the people are agreed, and leave religious exercises and instruction to the family, the church and the Sabbath-school."

It is easy to demonstrate that the show of fairness in this proposal is fallacious, and that, as a practical measure, it affords no common ground on which the parties to this controvery can stand together. For the Roman Catholics do not and will not accept this solution of the difficulty. Not a single Roman Catholic authority can be quoted as favoring it. In no place where it has been adopted have the Roman Catholics been conciliated by it. On the contrary, the whole doctrine of the Roman Church on the subject of education is opposed to it. Their highest authorities insist that "education is a function of the Church, not of the State, and that they can not and will not accept the State as an educator." Even now their cry is that the public schools are godless and atheistic. The adoption of the secular programme will only intensify their opposition to the schools and give better grounds for their accusations.

Neither can Protestant Christians accept and rest in this solution. For all truth is so related to God that the attempt to exclude the idea of God from instruction gives of necessity an atheistic tendency and bias to education. For example: To teach astronomy and other branches of natural science, ignoring the evidence of intelligent design in the frame-work of the universe, is to lead the mind of the pupil away from the thought of God. To teach history without reference to the religious forces which operate in human affairs is to teach history falsely. It is impossible to teach history of the United States without telling the story of the Puritans and of the persecutions from which they fled, and passing moral judgment on their principles and conduct. Shall we teach the English language in the schools? Shall we teach the memory of English words? What ideas shall we teach children to attach to the words, "God," "Christ," "Christianity," "Right," "Wrong," "Duty?" To whom is duty due? What morality shall teachers inculcate and enforce among the children under their care, and on what grounds? Shall they prohibit profanity, and why? Because it is wicked or because it is vulgar? Any thoughtful teacher can see in a moment that the proposed secular programme is no solution of the difficulties involved in the question. In fact it is the covert proposal of one of the parties to the controversy, the Free-thinkers or unbelievers. Its adoption would conform our school system exactly to their views, and would be their triumph over both the Christian and the Romish ideas of education. Yet Free-thinkers are an almost infinitesimal minority in the nation.

The true solution of the question is to maintain our schools in the unsectarian Christian character which they have borne from our beginning as a nation until now. The reading of the Bible, the voice of prayer, selections from Christian literature in our school-books, are in harmony with the convictions of an overwhelming majority of the friends of our school system. If these friends should be alienated, as they will by the adoption of the secular theory, the school system will perish. — *The Christian Statesman.*

A GOOD CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE.—A Greek, the wisest man of his day, once cried with honest fervor: "What a heap of things there are that I do not want!" How lucky we should be if we could get out of discontent and envy into his habit of loving the good we have, but fearing to have all the good we desire! Well, we think, we really ought to have such and such a thing. If that is so we shall have it. But we will not whimper meanwhile. We can put on the airs of Socrates, and congratulate ourselves that we can be jolly without it.—*March Wide Awake.*

Faith won't enable a man to lift a ton all at once, but it will, ten pounds at a time.

DR. WHITMAN, M.D.—XIII.

MISSIONARY LIFE—INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Of these Dr. Whitman says: "Their belief is that the present race of beasts, birds, reptiles and fish were men, who inhabited the globe before the present race. Although doomed to their present state their language is still retained, and these beasts, birds, reptiles and fish have the power to convey this language to those people into whom they see fit to pass. To obtain this boon, boys are required to leave the lodge and repair to the mountains alone, and there to stay for several days without food in order to be addressed by some of these supernatural agencies. Some return without any assurance of the kind; others believe themselves to be addressed, and they are very free to communicate what was said to them, while others profess great secrecy and claim great reverence on account of their mysterious possession.

"At these times they profess to be told what is to be their future character, and in what way they may secure honor, wealth and long life; how they will be invulnerable, and if wounded, by what means they will be healed. The surgical knowledge imparted generally consists in directions how to cast off the extravasted blood, and then to sit in a stream of water and sing according to certain rules. At these times they say that one person becomes possessed of power to strike or shoot another with an invisible influence or arrow, so that disease and death will follow. This is the foundation of the system of sorcery, as seen in the so-called medicine-men.

"Most of their efforts to cure the sick consist in obtaining one medicine-man to counteract another, who is supposed to have caused the sickness. The sorcerer employed for this purpose calls to his aid a number of persons, who sing and beat upon sticks with a horrible noise, while he himself sings and talks and practices sundry contortions, using at the same time a variety of incoherent expressions, supposed to be the language of the former race of men, as delivered to him by by the beast, bird, reptile or fish which is helping him in his conjurations. After a sufficient display of this sort of machinery and a full lecture to his coadjutors about the disease, its cause and cure, he proceeds to extract the evil by placing his hands on the diseased or painful spot, and then, if successful, he casts himself upon the floor, with his hands in water, as though what he had extracted burnt him. He then shows what he has drawn out, and afterwards drives it off into the broad space and prognosticates a cure; but when he sees a prospect of death he often points out some one who, he says, is causing the sickness, and declares the other to be possessed by a more powerful agent than himself, so that he cannot overcome him. Should death occur in such a case as this they watch the dying person to see if any expression of his fastens suspicion upon the person named; and all are careful to remember if any hard words had passed, or any cause whatever confirms the supposition. Very often, in cases of this kind, nothing can save the conjuror. The number and horror of such deaths that have come under my observation have been great.

"In the same way individuals arrogate to themselves power over the winds, the clouds, the rain, the snow, and the seasons—in short, all and every desired or desirable object is sought for from this source. Some are losing their confidence in such things, while others are yet strong in the belief of their reality.

"A MODE OF GAINING SUPERNATURAL POWER.

"A young man shot himself through the body last July, in order to convince his countrymen of the strength of his supernatural protecting agent. The ball entered the abdomen a little to the right and below the umbilicus, and came out by an oblique line above and near the spine on the same side. This occurred sixty miles from my house, at the Grand Round, and the third day he encamped near me for the night, and I saw him and examined his wound in the morning. He was walking about and making his preparations to depart; and soon he rode off on horseback. This was the second trial of his strength, having shot himself through, in much the same way, about two years before. The body was preserved from the flash by his leather shirt. He will now be regarded as a strong mystery, or medicine-man."

Commodore Wilkes, in his "Western America," gives as his estimate of the number of Cayuses at this time about five hundred, and of the Walla Wallas twenty-two hundred. Dr. G. Gibbs says that this is much less than the actual number at the time, although in 1853 he estimates the Walla Wallas at five hundred, and the Cayuses at one hundred and twenty. The Cayuses were, however, a very influential tribe, owing to their great wealth and bravery.

M. EELLS.

EVANGELISTIC NOTES.

Evangelist Ethrige conducted a revival at Avon, Ill., last month.

H. G. Smead held a series of meetings at Owatonna, Minn., last month.

The Foote Brothers held meetings at Lyons, Iowa, last month, and are now at Glidden.

Messrs. Clagger and Billhorn held meetings at Kearney, Neb., last month, beginning on the 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Man have just closed a brief work at Fulton, N. Y. They have many calls.

L. P. Rowland conducted a very successful series of meetings in Sandusky, O., following D. W. Potter, going from there to Cleveland.

Arthur J. Smuth went from Wilmington, Del., to Rockville Center, L. I., last month, to conduct meetings.

The Troy (N. Y.) Evangelistic Union has been formed for the purpose of giving help to churches that desire evangelistic services.

Major Whittle, after closing at Sioux City, began meetings at Marshalltown, Iowa. Professor J. H. Burke is associated with him and leads the music.

C. H. Yatman is now in Charleston, S. C., and, at the conclusion of his work there, goes to Winona, Minn. Peter Billhorn will join him at Winona.

The closing meeting of Mr. Dean's series in Troy, N. Y., seems to have been one of very remarkable interest. We regret that we have not a full account of it.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is at Macon, Ga., and, as we go to press, news comes of a great awakening there under his preaching. Houses crowded at every service.

Rev. E. E. Robinson began a series of meetings with the churches on the East Side, at Rockford, Ill., March 18th. After closing at Rockford he goes to Silver Creek, N. Y.

Frank H. Long held meetings at Kensington, Ill., and at Mt. Carmel, Ind., in the Presbyterian church (Rev. Robert Dobson, pastor) last month. Thence he goes to New Albany.

L. W. Munhall goes to Minneapolis and Rev. B. F. Mills to Indianapolis, and Mr. Moody returns to Northfield early in April. Mr. Sankey was called to New York from Huron, Dak.

Rev. C. W. Palmer and his son held meetings in the Baptist church, West Bay City, Mich., in March, with good results. All ages were reached, and many made profession of their faith in Christ.

Rev. Dr. Lacky held union gospel meetings in Clifton, Kan., in February. Some ninety persons signed the covenant. The afternoon Bible readings were well attended. A new interest was awakened in Bible study.

Rev. F. V. D. Garrettson, State Evangelist of Am. H. M. S. for New York, has, since October last, held meetings in Carthage, Stockholm, Lawrence, Lawrenceville, Albion, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Albany and Watertown, and is now in Rochester, N. Y.

J. W. Dean has held union services at Glen Cove, Long Island, the past few weeks, with his usual success. The New York State Evangelistic Committee has engaged him till 1889 to continue laboring in the State. Everywhere the blessing of the Lord has been upon his labors since he began the campaign in that State six months ago. He finds the people wherever he goes hungry for the *Word*.

LITERARY.

ROGER'S TRAVELS, or Scenes and Incidents Connected with the Journey of Two Boys in Foreign Lands. Illustrated. By E. Payson Hammond. London S. S. Union, and American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 75 cents.

This is the latest of Mr. Hammond's many books for young people. It is of a somewhat similar character to Abbott's "Rollo in England." Roger travels with his uncle through Holland, Belgium, Germany, up the Rhine, Switzerland, France and England. On the continent they fall in with an English boy, who, with his parents, accompany them back to London. The book is largely made up of instructive dialogues between Roger and his uncle, in which Clarence takes an active part. The answers given to the many questions, asked by these inquisitive boys, are full of valuable historic information. The reader, whether old or young, will soon find himself one of the company, and beholding sights he will not soon forget. Upon careful examination of the book, it will be seen that its one great object is to induce its youthful readers to *start for the better country, with Christ as their guide and Saviour.* Though no opportunity is lost to draw practical religious lessons from the many scenes and incidents witnessed in these travels, yet these two boys are not led to Christ *until* they return to London, and attend the meetings for young people in that city. The story of Clarence bringing his parents to the services, and finally to Christ, is intensely interesting. It is a book which any parent, or Sunday-school teacher, might put into the hand of a thoughtless boy or girl with the strong expectation that they would be led by it to feel their need of Christ, and to trust alone in him for salvation, and thus to set out on the journey for that city whose builder and maker is God. For a frontispiece it has a good steel engraving of the author, and his book is for sale by all the booksellers.

We have received the neatly gotten-up directory and order of service of our church in Gilroy (Rev. G. M. Spencer, pastor). It would, doubtless, be very useful for our churches in general to have such a handy and comprehensive circular.

THE WHISKY POWER.—Dr. Haygood of Oxford University, Georgia, writes: "The whisky power will never have another day's peace in this world; it will be fought in every community of every nation till it is put down. It may hold on a long time, but in the long run it must go as everything else must go that antagonizes Christ and his law of love."

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And light all around,
Where peace and contentment
And virtue are found.
The heart has no sorrow
That love cannot reach,
When words of sweet comfort
Are spoken to each.

The rills of affection
Will tenderly start
The grateful emotions
Expanding the heart;
And peans of rapture
Will ring through the day,
Driving care and disquiet
And shadows away.

KNOWN BY HIS HAT.

A RUSSIAN PEASANT'S ADVENTURE.

Many years ago, when Peter the Great was reigning in Moscow and St. Petersburg was not yet built, a Russian peasant, in a tattered sheepskin frock, was cutting turf in a lonely spot on one of the great plains of Central Russia. It was a burning summer day, and his work had made him very hot and tired; but one could see by his downcast face and hanging head that some great trouble was pressing harder upon him than even this fatiguing labor.

Looking up in one of the pauses of his work, the turf-cutter saw a tall young man coming slowly over the plain to meet him. The newcomer wore the green, gold-laced uniform of the Palace Guards, but the lace was so faded and the coat itself so threadbare that one would have judged this officer to be either a very careless man or a very poor one.

"He looks as if he has lost his way," muttered the peasant, as the stranger halted and glanced doubtfully around him. "I must see if I can't put him right. It's always a comfort, when one's in trouble one's self, to help somebody else out of it."

The young officer, however, did not look like a man who would need much help from any one. He was immensely tall, taller by far than any one whom the peasant had yet seen; and his broad chest and long, sinewy limbs showed signs of enormous strength. His smooth, handsome face wore a rather sad look, and he walked slowly, as it either tired or in deep thought; but there was an air of unconscious power in his upright bearing and in the firm set of his head, as if he felt himself to be a match, and more than a match, for anything that he might meet with. Altogether, he seemed to be the sort of man whom one would much rather have for a friend than for an enemy.

"Hello, brother!" cried the stranger, in a deep, strong voice; "am I far from the village of Volkhoff? I think I must have gone wrong, somehow."

"Your honor has gone wrong, indeed," answered the peasant, shaking his head. "It's a long way to Volkhoff from here. You must keep eastward till you come to a big tree standing all by itself, and then you must turn southward as far as a small lake. Then, after that, you'll make a big bend round to the right, and—"

"Oh, I shall never be able to remember all that," said the officer, laughing. "Suppose you come along with me, and show me the way yourself."

"I'd do it gladly, your honor," said the peasant, hesitating; "but, you see, if I lose my day's work, then—"

"You shall lose nothing by helping me, be assured of that," said the young man, gravely. "How much do you earn in a day?"

"Twenty kopecks" (fifteen cents).

"Twenty kopecks!" echoed the stranger, looking down pityingly, at the poor, tired man, quite a dwarf compared with him, who worked so hard for such scanty pay. "Well, here's half a rouble [thirty-seven cents] for you; and now come along. By the by," he added, "if we pass near your house, you might carry your turf home at the some time."

"It would need two journeys to do that, your honor."

"Two? Why, these four baskets would surely hold it all."

"There's not a man in Russia, your honor, who could carry all four at once when they're full. The two smallest are quite enough for me."

"Not a man in Russia, eh?" said the young officer scornfully. "We'll try that. Sling those four baskets over my shoulders, and then fill them."

The laborer hesitated, but the young man spoke like one accustomed to be obeyed. As he stooped to receive the baskets, the peasant slung them over his shoulders, two before and two behind, and then piled in the turf till all four were full to the very top. Then it was a grand sight to see the great tower-like figure rise slowly to its full height under that enormous load, and stride away so briskly that the amazed peasant had hard work to keep up with him.

A short walk brought them to the wretched hovel that was the poor turf-cutter's only home; and, while the latter was emptying his baskets, the stranger's keen eyes were noting the miserable and poverty-stricken look of the whole place. A few kind words spoken as they started again went straight to the poor peasant's overburdened heart, and the whole story of his grief came out.

Some years before he had bought, at a high price, from a rich neighbor, a small patch of ground, that had proved to be worth hardly anything at all. Moreover, not being able to make up the full purchase money at the time, he had got into debt; and the debt kept growing larger and larger, from the high rate of interest charged upon it, till he was almost driven to despair.

"It doesn't seem fair, does it?" he concluded; "but what can I do? He's rich, and I'm poor and friendless."

"Can such things be done in Russia?" muttered the officer, in a voice like the roll of distant thunder. "It is, indeed, time for a change!"

His great black eyes lighted up, as he spoke, with a flash of such terrible anger that the peasant shrank back in dismay. But the young man cooled again instantly, and asked, as quietly as ever:

"Why don't you complain to the Czar?"

"The Czar?" echoed the laborer; hasn't he changed our old Russian customs, and brought in foreigners to work for him instead of his own people? What would he care for a poor peasant?"

"It's worth trying, though," said the young man, earnestly; "for yours is really a very hard case. Come, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'm going to Volkhoff to meet the Czar and his officers, who will be there to day; and I can get you a chance of speaking to him, for I belong to his body guard."

"Me speak to the Czar?"

"Why not? He's only a man, like you and me. I've spoken to him myself, and I'm none the worse."

"But how shall I know him among all his officers?"

"All the rest will have their hats off, but the Czar will keep his on."

Half an hour later, just as they came in sight of Volkhoff, a group of richly dressed horsemen rode up, who, the moment they saw the tall officer, sprang from their horses and took off their hats.

The peasant's sun-burned face turned white as a sheet; and he glanced with a bewildered air from the officers to his tall companion, whose face wore a queer, waggish smile.

"Well, brother," he added, "have you found out the Czar yet?"

"Well," said the peasant, staring as if his eyes would start from his head, "it must be either you or I; for all the rest have hats off!"

"So it seems," laughed Peter the Great.

"Well, my lad, Prince Mentshikoff here will see you righted, and the rascal who cheated you punished, as he deserves; and I hope you will never again think the Czar unmindful of the troubles of his people."—*Cosmopolitan.*

FAMILY PRAYERS.

There is one mark of a honsehold in which God is known and loved which is too often wanting in our day—I mean the practice of family prayer. Depend upon it, the worth of a practice of that kind can only be measured by its effects during a long period of time, and family prayers, though occupying only a few minutes, make a great difference to any household at the end of the year. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when each morning, and, perhaps, each evening, all the members of the family—the old and the young, the parents and the children, the master and the servants—meet on a footing of perfect equality before the Eternal, in whose presence each is as nothing, yet to whom each is so infinitely dear that he has redeemed by his death each and all of them? How must not the bad spirits that are the enemies of pure and bright and sweet family life flee away—the spirits of envy and pride and untruthfulness and sloth, and the entire tribe of evil thoughts, and make way for His gracious presence in the hearts of old and young people, who, as he brings us nearer to the true end of our existence, so does he, and he alone, make us "of one mind in a house" here within the narrow presence of each home circle, and hereafter in that countless family of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, which shall dwell with him, the Universal Parent of all Eternity.—*Canon Liddon.*

A SAILOR'S DEFINITION.—Speaking of anthems, I am reminded of the story of two British sailors who were talking over shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for awhile, and said, "I say, Bill, what is an anthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to say to yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that handspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, 'Bill—Bill—Bill—give—give—give me—give me—that—Bill—give me that hand—give me that hand—handspike—spike—spike—Bill, give me that—that hand—handspike—handspike—spike—spike—ah—men, ah—men; Bill, give me that handspike, spike, ah—men,' why, that would be a hanthem!"

A colporteur left a Bible in a godless house. As the man and his wife sat together in the evenings the man took up the Book, and, reading in it, began to feel its power. "If this Book is true," he said one evening to his wife, "we are wrong." He read more, and a few evenings after again said, with deep concern and alarm, "If the Bible is true we are lost." He read still further, and, through the darkness, the light began to break, as he caught a glimpse of the cross and the Saviour; and at last he said to his wife, with great joy, "If the Bible is true we may be saved."

A boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spellbound.

FOOD IN INDIA.

I suppose that in no other country in the world does religion have so much to do with food as in India. One day at Benares, on the Ganges, happening to approach a very sacred temple, I was greeted with shouts of dismay, and much protesting with outstretched arms, on the part of a number of natives engaged in cooking dinner. To all assurances of my peaceful disposition they gave no heed, but were evidently most strongly prejudiced against any nearer approach. I asked a missionary a little later what this meant; and he said they were afraid that my shadow would fall upon their little pots of rice, then being cooked in the open air. Had that calamity occurred, they would have been obliged, despite their great poverty, to throw away not only their food, but also the vessel in which it was being prepared. Fortunately, my shadow did not fall that way.

While visiting various great prisons in India I was told that the principal difficulty was the preparation of food. Mohammedans would touch nothing prepared by the native Christians, while the Hindu not only scorned the food of Christian and Mohammedan, but would not eat even that prepared by his co-religionists, if they were of a lower caste. The solution of the problem was quite clever. Two kitchens were established in each prison. A Mohammedan presides over one, and cooks for Christians and the members of his own faith; while the Hindu cooks are always Brahmins of the highest caste, who sanctify by their touch exerything in the way of food. Doubtless the poor convict Pariah esteems imprisonment rather good fortune than otherwise, since thus he may always obtain his food from holy hands.—*A. L., in Laws of Life.*

SUNDAY WORK DON'T PAY.

Mr. Elliot T. Shepherd, a prominent New York merchant, was asked some time ago by a reporter the reason for his opposition to the running of the Fifth avenue stages on the Sabbath His answer was: "The Fourth Commandment and the blessing it carries with it. * * * If I had my own way I would stop every horse and steam car throughout this country on Sunday. And I believe it would be a paying policy. I do not make this statement on mere idle assumption, but on a great mass of statistical information that I have gathered in France, Belgium and various other countries of Europe. Against the loss of 14 per cent. of the receipts entailed by the stoppage on one day out of seven there would be, I believe, a net gain of 36 per cent. growing out of an increase of 50 per cent. in the receipts for the other six days."

"How do you reason that the receipts for six days would be increased 50 per cent. by the stopping of traffic on Snndays?"

"Well there would be less wear and tear on the road and rolling stock, and, of course there would be a saving there. Then the companies would be able to get better work out of their employes."

This item should be taken in connection with that on our fourth page which records the conclusion of the Board of Commissioners of the great exposition at Cincinnati, that "it doesn't pay to keep open such exhibitions an the Sabbath." Facts like these are a sufficient basis for a most effective agitation of the Sabbath question, and they will be well employed by the Friends of Christian morality. At the same time they will insist steadily that the moral and religious arguments are a thousand times stronger than these considerations, which ought to decide the question.—*Selected.*

STATISTICS OF ENGLISH PAUPERISM.—The statement as to pauperism in England and Wales during the quarter ended Christmas last shows that the number of paupers gradually increased from 704,110, at the end of the first week of October, to 758,146, at the end of the last week of December. The latter number represents a proportion of 26.8 paupers in every 1,000 of the estimated population. This proportion is, by a small fraction, less than that of the two preceding years, though the number itself is greater than in any year since 1877. In London, during December, the number increased from 102,559, at the end of the first, to 104,097 at the end of the fourth week. This last number is greater than in any year since 1873; and the proportion, 24.7 in 1,000, is slightly greater than in any of the preceding four years, though in only eight of the preceding years was the proportion of pauperism smaller than in 1887.

Old age often comes of rust, treadmill, living in ruts, learning nothing new, insisting one is too old to learn. A young man marries at 23; the young woman ditto; they give up recreation, get into the social treadmill, turn their lives into business, housekeeping, calling and receiving calls. At 40 they are mere machines. Now they begin to lay up for old age; they begin to feel old, get old; think old, and they are old. Ericsson is active with work and invention at 84; Gladstone, in his seventies, is ruling England; DeLesseps canalling at 80. To remain young we must act, feel and hope like the young.—*Dio Lewis.*

COOKIES.—One cup sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, 6 tablespoonfuls hot water, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful soda, a little salt. Flour enough to roll very thin. Flavor with vanilla.

Household.

DIPHTHERIA.—The New York State Board of Health show that for three years past almost exactly one-third of all the mortality from contagious diseases has been due to diphtheria, and during the past year the percentage showed a slight increase. During the winter months, it sometimes reaches nearly one-half the mortality under this head. The total number of deaths from diphtheria has been increasing during the past three years, being 4,500 out of 80,400 in 1885, 5,600 out of 86,800 in 1886, and, during the twelve months ending December 1, 1887, 6,271 out of 96,500. The board reports that the experience of the past year has made the necessity of isolation in the treatment of the disease more apparent than ever. All evidence tends increasingly to show that the germs of the disease may be carried by persons in good health who have been in contact with the sick, that they find place in clothing, bedclothes, and all other fabrics, adhere to walls, and wherever they settle, retain their power for mischief for a considerable time. If the patient is properly isolated, these germs will die, or can be destroyed by fumigation after the patient's recovery and removal. The board recommends that the isolation should be for a long time—at least, until entire recovery from sore throat. A special evil is the too early return of children to school after an attack. In these two measures, cleanliness and isolation, the sole hope seem to lie against the spread of diphtheria.

HOT WATER RELIEVES PAIN.—There is scarcely an ache or pain in the whole body which is not soothed or removed by hot water if applied as follows: Dip a piece of flannel or cloth, of five or six folds or layers, in boiling water and lay it on the painful part, covering it instantly with a dry flannel of which the edges should extend over the wet one inch or more; as soon as the wet flannel has dried a little, or in about five minutes, slip it out under one edge of the dry cloth and introduce another flannel as hot as can be handled; do this in so adroit a manner as to allow as little cold air as possible to get to the skin touched by the hot flannel; persevere until the pain is removed. Physicians assert that by this hot-water poultice the most violent, dry, and distressing coughs have been relieved in a few minutes, and some forms of croup subdued in half an hour.

When a child has taken cold it is a good plan to spend five or ten minutes two or three times a day in rubbing into the whole breast, with a soft, warm hand, about ten drops of common sweet oil. Dr. Hall thinks if such a course were promptly taken the moment a child is observed to be not as well as usual, nine-tenths of the ailments of children would be averted. It has a powerful influence in helping nature to cure the very worst forms of diseases to which childhood is liable.

MARBLE CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One cup sugar, 3 spoonfuls butter, ½ cup cold water, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder; divide the mixture, and put ½ cup grated chocolate into one-half of it. Put some of the plain into the mould first, then the chocolate, and so on until it is all used. Steam one hour. To be eaten with fruit-sauce.

PARADISE CAKE.—One and a half cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, 1 egg, 3 spoonfuls sugar, 2 spoonfuls butter, ½ cup milk. Bake on Washington pie-tins. Whip ½ pint sweet cream stiff, stir into it ½ pint mashed strawberries, and put between the layers. Whip one cup cream and put on the top.

ANGEL PUDDING.—One cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, ½ cup cold water, 6 eggs beaten thoroughly. Bake in two large sheets. When cool, whip one pint of cream stiff and put between the cakes. Beat the whites of 4 eggs stiff, add ½ cup sugar, and put on the top.

Nothing tends so much to promote the comfort and the health of children as frequent bathing—in winter, in warm or tepid water—but the operation should not be prolonged so as to weary or give pain, and the towels used in drying should be soft.

WATER FOR BABIES.—A distinguished children's doctor gives his opinion that healthy babies will take water every hour with advantage, especially in warm weather. Their fretfulness and rise in temperature are often due to their not having it.

KENT WAFERS.—One cup Graham flour, 1 cup white flour, ½ cup butter. Mix very stiff with milk; add 1 spoonful sugar. Roll as thin as a wafer, cut in rounds and bake in a slow oven; prick them well before putting them in the oven.

Teething children, says Dr. Hall, have often been cured of looseness of bowels by being allowed to chew the rind of bacon freely with some of the fat attached, and they chew it greedily; it seems to have a beneficial effect on the gums.

AMBROSIA.—Two sliced oranges, 1 lemon chopped fine, 2 bananas sliced. Put them in a glass dish in layers and sprinkle sugar between, using two cups in all. Put the whites of 4 well-beaten eggs on the top, with ½ cup sugar.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888.

Some one is making himself unhappy over the tendency in newspapers, in "religious papers" more particularly, to the use of turgid rhetoric, swollen exaggerations and magniloquent words. And the allegation is that when great emergencies come, and really wonderful things occur, there are no terms left for an adequate description of them, all the "grand" words having been exhausted, if not wrecked, on minor things. Now, THE PACIFIC cannot be hit very hard by any such charge, nor do we think that the religious papers it is most in accord with specially in fault in the direction stated. True, there is some imported "high-falutin" in our city that may possibly be called "religious," that concerns us little. On the whole, we are not inclined to regard the criticism as having any "grandeur" in it or vastest comprehension.

A reporter said the other day that the people of Santa Rosa were indignant at the sayings and doings of the Sunday visitors, including the hoodlums of course, who crowd in upon all excursion trains. The towns and villages that have to receive picnic parties of a Sunday are to be pitied. Such parties are of doubtful advantage any day in the week, and Sundays they consist largely of the baser elements of city society, and may become a positive nuisance, because they have no respect for private rights. The city, to be sure, is free from their turbulence for a few brief hours, but when they return Bedlam is loose again. As a rule, Sunday trains are the most dangerous that run, and Sunday travelers, those going on Sunday only, are the worst. Let all communities be thankful that receive no extra trains on Sunday, and such as are not popular with the crowds which make Sunday their holiday.

Just now our eye fell upon an article beginning "1900. Few realize that in less than twelve years we shall have entered upon a new century." The article is a fairly good one, that would fill two of our columns. It is a kind of glorification of the nineteenth century, particularly the latter half of it. We find no fault with the moralizings indulged. Our criticism is that it may be a little too previous, and that it is certainly mistaken in its reckoning by a year. The year 1900 does not begin a new century. It simply fills out the old century. Till it is ended a new century cannot begin. The introductory sentence should, therefore, read, "In less than thirteen years we shall have entered on a new century." For the older among us the century will have ended soon enough at the farthest, and the reckoning out of even one year might be a misfortune.

Just now two of our city churches are receiving the special aid of evangelists of some real experience and merit. It may be better to employ such helpers in this way than to have it done by all the churches of a denomination, or of a neighborhood; because the field is more definite, the responsibility narrowed to a limited number, and the workers are more intimately known to each other. Should other churches desire to join in combined effort further on, that can be considered; or the other churches can each of them in turn secure the same or similar aid to promote the success of the gospel within their own spheres of activity. All devoted laborers, of every kind, have our best wishes for their success.

There has been another "failure of justice" in this city. A jury has disagreed (within one of an acquittal), when the law-loving public were expecting a conviction. These acquittals on technical grounds, false pleas, or wrong sentiments, have indeed been altogether too numerous in the recent months, and have been bringing contempt on all judicial proceedings. Yet justice does not always fail, even when juries acquit, or fail to agree. It is much, that full and fair trials are had, in which all the evidence is brought out and spread before the public, so that the public is as well qualified to judge as is the jury itself, and can condemn the jury also, when it may seem to have been "fixed." What if one is improperly acquitted by a jury, the public may still convict the culprit on the evidence, and that is, after all, the dreadful thing, to have the public judgment down upon one. It blights and scorches and withers him in spite of all he can do. He can keep out of prison, but he can not hide himself from the air that quivers with accusations of his guilt.

It is hardly to be wondered at that one of the leading Baptist journals should object to the references which are made in the public journals to the Standard Oil Trust; for it tells us: "The four most prominent men in the Standard Oil Trust are eminent Baptists, who honor their religious obligations, and contribute without stint to the noblest Christian and philanthropic objects. The four leading men in the 'Trust' are John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Jabez A. Bostwick and Charles Pratt, and all of them illustrate in their daily lives their reverence for a living Christianity." The question, however, is not whether these men outside of the "Trust" reverence a living Christianity, but whether they carry on their great corporate proceedings in such ways as not to condemn themselves in that which they allow. The problem is one which concerns Christian ethics as applied to the great social and economic relations of our time. Much the same problem was suggested last week in our columns in the reference to the Central Pacific Railroad. The world is asking not whether the great operators are personally of good moral intent and repute; but whether their operations themselves have been brought under the principles of a thorough-going integrity. It would delight us to find that the suspicion which is widely current concerning these syndicates and trusts is entirely unjust. We could wish that the mere announcement of four Baptist names would remove the suspicion. But, unfortunately, the moral problems of corporations are not so easily solved.

Cardinal Manning said, not long ago, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* various things good and true. We quote the following: "None are so bad that there is not still a hope. But some are not to be bettered by neglect, much less by defiance. Goodness will overcome evil, and kindness will break the hardest hearts. If the confidence of the worthless and dangerous could be won, it would be like the warmth of the sun breaking up a frost.* * * Human sympathy, kind care, personal service, patient good-will, are powers that never fail." The laws of grace are on a higher plane than the lines of "law." In civil society we have to emphasize letter and law, in dealing with the erring; but in religious circles we are to emphasize the methods of benevolence in dealing with the erring; and we fall from grace into legality, when we emphasize too much in our methods ill-deserts and penalties righteously incurred. "Grace" looks far more toward the reform of the criminal than "law" rightfully can. And even when our method must be by "law" our spirit may still be of "grace."

It is sometimes remarked by travelers in England what deference is paid to rank, even by the great mass of people who are not of blue blood. But if we may judge from the following editorial in the *Christian World*, a great many people in England do not have so much respect for hereditary nobility as some American girls and their mammas do. Speaking of the House of Lords, the editorial remarks: "It is all very well to instance exceptional nobles like Lord Rosebery or Lord Salisbury; but when we have picked out the half dozen, or, if it is preferred, the score of hereditary legislators who could hold their own in the House of Commons, we have to remember that there are more than five hundred others who are never seen except when summoned from pigeon-matches, or race-courses, or gambling-hells, to vote against some popular measure."

A bi-centenary memorial service of more than local or national interest is that which the Congregational Union of England and Wales will observe this year. It will bring fresh to mind the revolution of 1688, when, by the accession of William and Mary, the era of the Stuart dynasty came to an end, and with it the policy of fining and imprisoning non-conformists. Our age needs to be reminded how slowly the freedom it enjoys has become its possession.

The marriage of Prince Oscar of Sweden to a lady, not of royal circles, took place in England the other day, and was solemnized according to the rites of the Lutheran Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that the act of uniformity would not allow the marriage to take place in any consecrated church of the Anglican Establishment. But, happily, there was in the town where the marriage was to take place a church which, on account of a debt, had not been consecrated. The Bishop of Winchester said it might take place there!

The Plymouth church, Minneapolis, reported in its benevolent account last year a subscription completed in that congregation of no less than $95,000 for the endowment of Carleton College, whose President, Dr. Strong, has been spending several months on this Western Coast. We understand Minnesota has been quite liberal in sending immigrants to California lately. We wish it would send a quarter of that Plymouth church tithes. For the Pacific Theological Seminary wants $25,000 at once.

A translation of the gospels by M. Lasarre has run through more than twenty editions, and was once approved by the authorities of the Roman church. But the preface has been found to contain a sentence, advising "the reading of sacred history instead of the pious manuals prepared by priests, which often contain more of the sugar of devotion than of the salt of wisdom." The book has therefore been condemned. The condemnation should advertise it.

The $1,000 premium offered by the American Sunday-school Union for the best book written for the Society upon "The Christian Obligations of Labor and Capital" has been awarded to Harry W. Cadman, of San Francisco, Cal., for his manuscript entitled "The Christian Unity of Capital and Labor."

The *Providence Journal* is one of those secular papers which does not secularize everything it touches. On the contrary, it attempts to benefit its readers by ministering to all the nature of human beings, rather than to the intellectual and natural man only. Accordingly, it prints religious as well as secular matter, and furnishes articles, even in its editorial columns, that bear on the wants of its readers as immortal beings. From such an article we quote the following:

But man has other than physical and mental necessities; he has also a spiritual nature. This makes demands that neither literature nor science can satisfy, that can only be satisfied by worship of the Being who gave us life, and upon whom we are every moment dependent, as well as in learning how to live in accord with His will. The concern how to live is, after all, as Epictetus said, the great and master thing, and no one ever lived his best who habitually neglected the cultivation of his spiritual nature. Whether this be done in the church or elsewhere does not matter so much, provided that it be well done. But that the Church has valuable help to offer is proved by the influence it has gained over so many of the best of mankind. Nor is Sunday the only day for attempting this. It is, however, the appointed and especial day. It offers, therefore, a valuable opportunity for learning how to act wisely amid the responsibilities that the struggle of life imposes. It is a day for the accumulation of courage, patience, hope and faith; for the development of sympathy, generosity and unselfishness; and for the acquisition of that self-control and fortitude which will enable one to do his best in life and bear the worst that fortune sends him.

Requests have come to the Congregational Associates from many places for money to build churches, and for other uses. In one instance a minister wanted to buy a farm, and applied for a loan on the land, and insisted on having it, as it would be a good use of money. It seems necessary to repeat what a banker once said to a customer whose weakness it was to keep his account overdrawn, "My business is to keep your money, and not to let you keep mine." One part of the business of this corporation is to obtain and hold the title to such lots as will be wanted for churches, and pay the taxes, and care for them, and at the proper time build chapels and conduct Sunday-schools, until churches are organized and in condition to manage their own affairs. Specimens of the work of this organization can be seen in different parts of this city and other parts of the State. If any one has money to invest in chapels, or lots for chapels, please send to John F. Myers, Treasurer, 863 Market street, San Francisco.

Mr. W. G. Hough, son of Rev. Dr. J. W. Hough, was in town a few days since. He has just been elected Instructor in Philosophy in the University in Michigan. He graduated from that institution some four years ago. Since then he has been in Europe, pursuing his studies, a part of the time in Germany. He now returns to London to complete some literary work, expecting to enter upon his duties in Michigan in the autumn.

THE INCARNATION.

In every mystery there is a peril. The danger is very imminent, when we seek to know as much as a human mind can know. In our investigations in the neighborhood of such incomprehensible entities, there is a liability to infer, where we are legitimately limited to a cautious observation of meager facts. The tendency is strong, because of our inadequacy for the phenomena and their philosophy, to attempt a kind of logical guess-work, where it were allowable only that we should strictly adhere to what is actually known. There are mysteries, such not from a deficiency of possible information, nor from a lack of proper inquiry, but rather from the lack of powers by which they may be comprehended. There are problems which are unsolvable, for the reason that the finite intelligence is not equal to their solution. When we approach such mysteries, the only proper spirit is reverence and humility. It will be possible for us to attain to all that is within our limits only by a confession of our inability, a recognition of ignorance, and the possession of a spirit in harmony with these. These are the essential conditions. The more boldly you pursue the *ignis fatuus* the hastier is its flight. The urgency of many students to solve all mystery has been their greatest obstacle to enlightenment concerning the truth possible to human understanding. It is far better, as well as only right, to stand in the presence of these mysteries as unable to comprehend them, than to arrogate the power to view them on many sides and to finally solve them. Such a presumption adds a new bewilderment; such a vanity increases the liabilities to error. From the human standpoint, there is no greater mystery than the incarnation of Christ. For what there may be in those realms of truth and beauty and holiness which we call heaven, no man can prophesy. Touching the sphere of human thought, or projected into it, is no grander, no nobler, no deeper, no more incomprehensible mystery, than this incarnation. The revealed facts are comparatively easy of statement. There is a God, infinite, eternal. And this God has become man; so that the Finite can say, "I am God," and Infinite is also man. Jesus the man and Christ the God are one; even "Jesus Christ." The fact, revealed, is that this does not represent a combination of two, nor a binding of two; but in some way a perfect identification of the two, so that they are one. And *He* is one. the language of John is very exact. He says the "word was God," and the "word was made flesh"—"was made flesh," or "became flesh." The fact is undeniable; it is stated as plainly as any fact can be. There is no other way to express this than the expression that is made of it. It is not the existence of the fact that escapes our knowledge, but the *manner* of accomplishment, the *how*. Here is where we stop; here is where darkness and confusion of thought is. We begin with the mere existence of the fact; and we feel that our pathway is open to greater discoveries. We take one step; nay, we attempt to take one step, and our pathway disappears from before us. We have gone from revelation to mystery; from fact to philosophy. And where is the philosophy concerning the methed of this fact, which is not more confusing than enlightening — I had almost said more mysterious than mystery. In all our dealings with this incarnation, except in the simple acceptance of it as a revealed truth, we are as those lost at sea. We are able to see many lines running out from this center to all parts of man's history and touching all of man's revelations with God. But the study of the center, the very heart of the system, affords us only a very few permanent results, and in the experience of centuries is productive of most destructive errors. The extremest caution, the deepest humility, and the fullest confidence in the steadfastness of God's Word, will alone keep us from grief and deception. Here is a mystery meant rather for worship and meditation than for philosophizing.

E. C. OAKLEY.

LETTER FROM ALBANY, OR.

Who has not heard of the beautiful Willamette valley, extending from the Columbia on the north 150 miles south through Western Oregon, between the Coast and Cascade ranges of mountains, averaging forty to fifty miles in width, with its vast grain fields, green meadows and pastures? Through it flows the beautiful Willamette river, hidden by the tall firs and pines that line its banks, navigable at nearly all seasons of the year to Albany, eighty miles above Portland. Albany is a quiet, homelike little city of 3,000 pupulation, with its broad, graveled streets and plank sidewalks (for we have some mud, and it does *rain* now and then); its two railroads and its splendid water power, with mills and factories—electric lights and street railway soon to be built—all make it a place of first importance, as also the county seat of one of the best counties in Western Oregon. Its excellent schools and churches make it a desirable place of residence.

And, not least among these attractions, is the Congregational church, with its eloquent and scholarly pastor, Rev. H. V. Rominger. It has been the privilege of the writer, quite recently, to make a prospecting tour through the whole State of California seeking a "better country." Visiting nearly all the principal towns as far south as Los Angeles, and hearing preaching from pulpits of most of the Congregational churches with much profit and pleasure; yet, with not more instruction and profit than from the preaching *here at home* every Sabbath since my return. Among the many excellent sermons, I refer to only one, listened to this morning (April 8th), from the text, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It showed the character of that inspired man Paul, as a man not only of grand and noble character, of great breadth of knowledge, but, also, a man of "one idea"—namely, "This one thing I do." His whole mind and effort was concentrated on preaching Christ and him crucified. We hear "men of one idea" spoken of contemptuously nowadays. But, would that there were many more such among our preachers *now*, instead of those who preach, practice medicine, run a saw-mill, or a real estate business, as may suit their inclination! Another point was the limited capacity of the human memory—"like a sponge, it can only receive more by squeezing out and losing what it has held."

What a blessed thing it is that *we can forget!* What human mind could endure the strain if we could remember all the trials, disappointments and griefs that crowd in upon our lives! What a blessed thing it would be if we could be so absorbed in the "pressing forward" as, like Paul, to forget all the persecutions he had suffered! Among the many things which we should forget are the pure lives of childhood we once lived. They are gone from us forever; we can never live them over again. We should forget all the hates, the animosities of our past lives; no person can afford to nurse one particle of hate in his bosom. One may say, "I can forgive, but I cannot forget" a wrong done. Such a forgiveness is no forgiveness at all; down deep in the heart is the feeling, "I will get even with you some time." Not even the sorrow for the dead should we nourish and cherish; but let the dead past bury its dead, and act in the living present—press forward as did Paul, when he said, "I am determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified." How many there are that, at the loss of some friend or relative, cover themselves with *black*, as if to continually remind them of their loss, and shut out the sunshine and gather in the gloom, instead of pressing forward towards *the mark* of the high calling towards which Paul was ever pressing, till his life was radiant like the path of the just, which groweth brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.

Other points in the sermon equally impressed the writer of the wonderful example and character of Paul; but space will not permit to further outline the sermon.

Only one week ago, an earnest appeal was made from our pulpit to support THE PACIFIC as the only representative of the Congregational churches on this Coast.

E. BECKWITH.

April 8, 1888.

RAILROADS AND SUNDAYS.

"Golden Gate Park, the pride of San Francisco, a paradise of flowers, lawns, shade trees, beautiful walks and drives; the great conservatory; delightful music by the Second Regiment Band; grand concerts Saturdays and Sundays. The direct routes are by the Hayes-street line, Geary-street line, McAllister-street line and Haight-street line. New and commodious cars of the Market-street Railway Company connect with the Park and Ocean railroad for the Cliff House, Seal Rocks, Sutro Heights and Ocean Beach."

The above specimen of the handbills distributed over the city was left at the house of the writer last Saturday. The attractions vary from week to week. Sometimes there is a famous swimmer to perform in the surf; sometimes noted experts will play baseball near the Park. The advertisements in the daily papers last Saturday read: "Five-dollar excursions to Santa Cruz and Boulder Creek on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive; $1.75 to Santa Clara and San Jose and return (Sundays only); $3 to Boulder Creek, Big Trees and Santa Cruz (Sundays only). Friday to Monday Excursions—Round-trip ticket sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2; Tomales $2.25; Howards, $3.40; Ingrams, $4. 7:45 A. M. Sunday excursion train to San Jose, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz; return, arrives in San Francisco 8:05 P. M."

As those who love the Master and have been trying to do his work in this city many years consider how the great power and influence of the railroads is exerted to draw the children and youth away from the Sunday-school and Christian worship, they feel that only God can help. Let all who can pray look to God for the help he only can give.

MARRIED.

JACKS—JACKSON.—In Plymouth church, on Wednesday evening, April 4th, by Rev. W. H. Scudder, Noel H. Jacks to Miss Lulu Jackson, both of this city.

They have the best wishes of all the church of which they are members.

SAN JOSE Y. M. C. A.—A New England dinner will be given on Friday and Saturday of this week by the ladies of the different churches to the Y. M. C. A. of this city. An Old Folks' concert will also be tendered them on Friday evening by the musical talent of this place.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

OUR DUTY TO HOME MISSIONS.

[Rev. Dr. Barrows preached a sermon on "Home Missions" last Sunday, in the First church of this city, the concluding part of which we have secured for our Column. Some of it is very good reading for American Consuls and others. We hope to report next week some of the results of this sermon.]

Never in the history of a State has such an opportunity presented itself of more farreaching importance than that which now is apparent in the Home Missionary work of this commonwealth. Nor has the sun ever shone upon a field more ready for a harvest than that which represents California to-day in her religious demands.

Look back to 1849. Read the history of this State, from the time when those who landed here came only for gold; when agriculture was so completely ruled out of account that the possibility of such a thing never once entered men's minds. Trace, as some of you can, the conversion of these sandhills into magnificent parks and drives, and eligible locations for dwellings. Recall the change from the time that the prows of your ships touched what now is Montgomery street, in the very midst, to-day, of a busy city. Bring to your minds the changes that have taken place since Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, declared this whole region a "white elephant," as he called it, in the hands of the American Republic, and so useless that its transfer to British power was imminent, and only prevented, mark it, *by the zeal and foresight of a missionary.*

Think of the rise of cities and towns! Witness how to-day it leads the world in many of its fruits, and that agriculture is the foundation of its enterprise and its future. Note how God has led this State and blessed her. Then turn to yourselves. Has he not blessed you? Has he not brought great things to pass in your time as individuals and a church? Reckon the difference in the present condition of most of you to-day in comparison with that of the earlier years. Reflect upon the way in which he has guided you as a people since that first gathering proclaimed the organization of this church on the Plaza, in 1849. To-day witnesses the prosperity which has attended you in all respects, and how the Lord has brought you on with his strong right hand. It has been a good way by which you have been led safely on towards the City of Habitation. Even your troubles and trials have been sanctified often to you, and every dark valley has had something of the illumination of the Christ. Why, my friends, nothing can be plainer than the tremendous obligation under which we are placed by reason of the way in which God has thus led us. Our stewardship—what will it be in view of this past manifestation of God's care and love? Yet, still further, the opportunity for us to show whether we are worthy of this trust is now upon us. If we are to be the safeguards of the interests of this commonwealth, we must be quick to respond to the present demands, and thoroughly in earnest with reference to our duties. When times of adversity and of special difficulties have passed, then the interests obtained and wrested from failure must be maintained in security and honor. If we are faithful to God, and recognize in its truest sense our stewardship, then shall God's promises be fulfilled in us for ourselves and for our State. "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts." "And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field. And all nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts." Why, my friends, history teaches that God preserves communities and states for the sake of those who are his true servants. The annals of the past, if you should turn to them, would demonstrate how God has put to naught statesmanship, and fleets, and armies, and rendered honor to truth and faithfulness and righteousness. This, without presumption, we may anticipate, will be the case as to our land in the present crisis of its affairs.

The interests of this State and land are solemnly in the hands of those who are faithful in their stewardship towards God. If here, in our midst, we would but rise to the full display of our best character, and the ample and generous performance of our duties, we might dispel the clouds of sin and evil, and impart to our community and our State the best blessings which, in a fallen world, a people can enjoy. Why, my dear people, note the present condition and demands in the home mission field. "In twelve of our States and Territories there are to-day more than 1,000 communities of from 100 to 700 persons each *entirely destitute* of religious services by any denomination. More than 160 churches are pastorless. More than 120 churches could and should be organized in destitute communities *at once*. There are in the United States 4,300 Congregational churches. Of these, 3,400 were fostered by the American Home Missionary Society and its auxiliaries." So says the report from New York. "In this State there are 120 places of from 100 to 500 people each, where no religious services are held by any denomination. Ten of our churches are to-day pastorless because

the Home Missionary Society is not able to help them." This and much more of valuable information our own Superintendent writes. The imperative need to-day is for a generous and ample supply to go from your pockets and your hearts to push the great work in the State. Your Superintendent, than whom a more able, faithful and diligent director of home mission work cannot be found, planned a campaign last year, which has been very nearly carried out, and was fruitful, under his guidance and wise forethought.

This year another campaign will be entered upon for the purpose of awakening new interest, and securing even larger results. The men and women in the field (we wish you could go into these California mission fields and judge for yourselves)—the men and women in the fields are self-sacrificing and earnest in their work. The advance made during the past five years is surprising. In a religious point of view it is even more remarkable than any secular progress made within the same time. True, we sometimes hear it said that men in mission fields are not very valuable. They are considered often, by those who do not know, as inferior. Within a short time, from a platform in this city, the missionaries who have gone into foreign fields were ridiculed by a lecturer. We regret such unjust criticism, especially because we personally respect the man who uttered the sentiment. Inferior! Was Henry Martyn *inferior?* — the saintliness of whose character, the devotedness of whose life, and the influence of whose career, brief as it was, has made his name pre-eminent; a man who encountered the speculations and philosophies of India and Persia with an acumen and learning never surpassed, who spent the last years of his life (early years, for he died at 30) in perfecting a translation of the New Testament and the Book of Psalms, which, when printed subsequently at St. Petersburg, was pronounced to be the noblest version extant. Was Carey inferior—that man who rose from the shoemaker's bench to be the controlling power in India, of whose commendation touching a speech made by Lord Wellesley, the latter said, publicly, "I esteem such a testimony of my effort from such a man as Carey greater honor than the applause of courts and parliaments"? Was Judson inferior, who dreamt as a child of being a statesman, an orator, a poet, but consecrated his high powers to missionary life? Was Morrison inferior, who might have ruled China had he chosen, but who said, as he confronted the worldly wisdom of the Empire: "Nay, the character of a missionary I cannot sink; no, not if my daily bread depend upon it." Was Patterson inferior—that noble youth, that grand young Bishop, whose wealth of character and learning he laid at the Master's feet, and rendered back to God, all too soon for this world, the rich treasures of mind and heart with which the Almighty endowed him? Was Livingstone inferior, who shone in the Dark Continent? Nor are Elliott and Brainard, and the long list in the home field of America, one whit behind those heroes on foreign soil, as they toiled and died for perishing humanity.

We place in striking contrast to any consul's opinion that utterance of Sir Richard Temple at a public meeting in Birmingham a few years since, when he declared: "I have governed 105,000,000 of people, and I have been concerned with 85,000,000 more in my official capacity, and I have been authentically informed regarding missionaries sent out by the various Christian societies for the past forty years, and I declare them to be the most efficient men in the land. They have shown great learning and great tact. They have willingly made sacrifices, and they are always the most active and energetic friends of the natives in all times of danger and emergency."

But why mention further the list which, in its length and influence, would put all officials in the shade, from consuls up to the highest grade? This criticism is threadbare. It has been suckled by prejudice, and was buried years ago by those who once thought it, but were brave and noble enough to confess their error and acknowledge their mistake. We refer to it simply to tell you, members of this congregation, that your money for mission work in the home or foreign field does *not* go to support idiots, or to sustain stupidity. *No!* The men who have broken up the fallow ground in this Republic, in our mission fields, who have sown the seed and helped to gather the harvest, who have superintended and consulted for the advance of Christ's kingdom, are men who deserve well and generously of their fellows, as they are honored by God. Those who have planted our missions, planned for and established, by their noble, untiring efforts, our colleges and our schools, those who have gone forth, girt with the panoply of a high purpose for humanity, are not pigmies in learning or character. They are of our grandest men and women. They are of the number of whom the world is not worthy. No dollar given by this church can go to safer hands than to those whose godlike trust and sacrificial efforts have been rooted in an intelligence unsurpassed in any other walk in life, in a nobility of manhood and womanhood, influential the world over, with an ever-increasing power.

Albert C. Titcomb, formerly a merchant of this city, was, April 2d, elected Mayor of Newburyport, Mass. His many friends here will wish him every success in the position.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

There was no meeting of the Club last Monday, as the Bay Association met in Sunol on that day. Next Monday the Club will meet as usual in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., 232 Sutter street, at 1:30 P. M. Rev. W. C. Pond of this city is expected to present the subject of the day.

Services appropriate to the occasion were held at the tenth anniversary of the Y. W. C. T. U. of this city in the First Congregational church last Sabbath.

Rev. W. N. Meserve had a good day at Antioch last Sabbath. Next Sabbath he will occupy the pulpit in the Martinez church.

Crockett had its usual good congregations. The morning theme was "The Presence, Purpose and Power of Christianity." The evening theme was "Christ's Warnings against Hypocrites."

Rev. J. A. Jones, who has done such excellent work in Cottonwood, went last week to his new field, Tipton, Tulare county. He was to commence work there last Sabbath.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff supplied the pulpit of the Second church, Oakland, preaching to fair audiences morning and evening. This church has called Rev. Dr. G. W. Bothwell of New Orleans. He has accepted the call, and is expected to commence his labors in June.

Rev. L. N. Barber recently entered upon work in Turlock, and writes: "We are busy with the work on our new field; were out several miles in the country yesterday. The fields are green with wheat. The prospects are fair for a good crop. This means success to our church-building enterprise in Turlock. We had a large congregation Sunday forenoon. Some doubtless come out of curiosity, and may not come again, but the indications are such as to give us much encouragement. We go eight or ten miles out to-morrow to arrange for preaching in the country, and hope soon to be able to report progress in this new enterprise. It can very truly be said of this whole region that it is a field white unto the harvest, needing laborers to sow the seed. The little church here is full of hope, and ready to work. We are also especially glad to be able to report our dear Brother Pringle much improved in health."

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 2, 1888.—No statement has appeared in THE PACIFIC of the dedication of our chapel and recognition of our church, which occurred February 29th, Rev. E. M. Daniels, Moderator, and Rev. W. A. James, Scribe. We organized as Second Congregational church, with 23 members—7 by confession and 16 by letter, and received 4 more yesterday by letter. Our chapel is a gem, and cost, completed, $1,700, and it is all paid. It will seat comfortably 200. Our Sabbath-school enrolls 108, and is very promising. Our prayer-meetings and meeting for Bible study average nearly our full membership. The lots upon which we have built were given to us by the Land and Town Company, and are becoming valuable, owing to location, so that we have for our labor of 4 months, property worth $5,000, and no debt, and all because of the timely aid of the Home Missionary Society.

BUCKEYE.

The students in the Pacific Theological Seminary preached last Sabbath, Mr. E. D. Hale at Mission San Jose, Mr. L. L. Wirt at Martinez, Mr. J. C. Dorward at Sonoma, and Mr. W. L. Baker at Redwood City.

SAN JOSE.—Rev. C. W. Hill preached Sabbath morning on "The Duty of Confessing Christ." Owing to the pastor's indisposition, the evening service was omitted.

MOUNT HOLYOKE REUNION. — All graduates and former pupils of Mount Holyoke Seminary are cordially invited to attend the annual reunion at Mills College, Wednesday, April 18th, without further notice.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond is still holding meetings in the Fourth church in this city, where a goodly number assemble night after night, and much interest is manifest, and souls are being saved. Last Sabbath the Sunday-school gave up the usual lesson, and the hour was devoted to a special service for the children, with excellent results. After the service Mr. Hammond addressed the meeting of young men in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and preached again in the Fourth church in the evening.

Five persons were received to the Congregational church in Tucson on Sunday, April 1st. Evidently, the blessing of God attends the labors of our Brother Cole. This church is interesting itself for the Chinese of Tucson. It opens it doors to them, and gives a cordial welcome. Eleven were present at its Good Friday service, and fifteen at the Chinese Sunday-school April 1st. A mission has been established, and a Chinese evangelist sent to labor there. Already four are believed to be converted.

W. C. P.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Strong, President of Carleton College, Minnesota, gave us a call last week. We were at once acquainted when he said: "I knew your father when I was a boy. I can see him now in imagination, John H. Kimball, Esq., as he used to be in court in old Vermont." We were boys of about the same age in adjoining towns, but not then acquainted. His father removed to Beloit, Wis., where this son graduated. He then took a course in Union Theological Seminary. After some years in the ministry he was elected President of Carleton College, where he has done noble work for the past eighteen years. W. B. Strong, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, which we hope to see ere long running into this city, is a younger brother. Dr. Strong preached in the First church in this city Sabbath evening.

We had communion services at Auburn last Sunday. The unanimity of feeling and spiritual desire were manifest, and rendered the services very helpful. The subject of discourse was "The Inner Life of Our God." A lecture was given to the young people in the evening on "The True Method of Self-Culture." Full attendance both morning and evening. Within the last two months eight persons have been added to the church, and two children baptized.

SAN BUENVENTURA.—Ten were received to this church at the last communion. One of these was the son of the pastor.

EASTER AT BYRON AND BETHANY.—Easter was a typical California day in Byron, an ideal day, and the inspiration of the day caused many to leave their homes to seek the place of prayer. Under the skillful manipulation of many good ladies the Congregational Church became a bower of beauty. Mrs. Carrol and Mrs. Saddlemire sent flowers from Tracy, where the writer has just closed a very gracious meeting. Flowers came by express from Martinez, the children gathered wild flowers and laurel boughs, and the church never shone so fair. The church was filled with an attentive and appreciative congregation. Professor Wilkes led the singing and performed on the organ. The choir sang three Easter songs and an anthem. The service of song was well rendered and gave complete satisfaction. The sermon was preached by the pastor from the words, "He has risen." The floral decorations, the singing, and the entire service, morning and evening, made this sabbath a delight. The afternoon service at Bethany was exceedingly good. The church was decorated in a tasteful manner by the ladies of the congregation.

W. H. T.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Eighteen new members have been received in Healdsburg. ——Rev. J. M. Chase's school in Vallejo prospers.——Two persons recently united with the San Bernardino church.

METHODIST.—A revival has been in progress in Crescent City.——The Swedish church in Oakland is in good condition.——The church in Selma has been dedicated free of debt.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The Santa Rosa District Conference convenes on May 10th. ——Sixteen persons have lately joined the Willows church.

The Chinese school begun by Mrs. Cole and taught by her until she died, is still carried on by the Woman's Union Mission. A visit yesterday to the old Globe Hotel found the energetic Miss Carrie McFarland busy in one room at the organ drilling some in music, while her assistant, Lee Chong Pack, was teaching in the larger room, and endeavoring to maintain something like order, by pounding his desk with a stick. Miss Carrie (all the Chinese know her as Miss Carrie) said the school had been thinly attended through the winter, as ten of the scholars had had the smallpox, and it was so prevalent about the school that she dare not go about as usual to pick up scholars. She said they needed more means to dress scholars and keep them clean, so they could attend school. The mother of that boy is a confirmed opium smoker, and her father is totally blind, and we have to dress him to have him decent to come to school. My sister and I do this. The school has now only two girls, and one of these cannot come often, as her father has bandaged her feet and they are too sore to walk much. This school was started by Mrs. Cole and carried on by her for girls, but there are not means now to pay some one to go to the homes and get the girls and take them back after school. If any one has money to spare help Miss Carrie, for she deserves it.

The work of sending the gospel to all parts of the world is bursting out beyond the limits of the various societies and boards that make this work a specialty. Notably among these is the work begun and carried on by Bishop Taylor and those connected with him in Central Africa and the English inland mission in China. Colleges and churches are sending out men and women to foreign lands. What others are doing for foreign lands the churches of this Coast can do for the islands of the Pacific Ocean and in the countries beyond that ocean. If a man or woman can go from one of our churches, let the church or conference of churches support that one or more. Then the correspondence will be direct with the church and the appeal direct, and the men, women and children will know for what their money goes, and feel the interest and zest that comes from doing something for the Master, and knowing what their money, their effort and their prayers are doing.

A request comes from the Sailors' W. C. T. U. for literature for ship libraries. Books and papers are much needed. School books cannot be used. Any donations may be sent to this office, and we will see that they reach their intended destination.

DESTITUTE MALHEUR.

By glancing at the map of Oregon, and using Burnt river as the southern boundary of Baker county, it will be seen that south of this, and north of Nevada, there is a large extent of country, and this comprises the *new* county of Malheur—new in the fullest sense of the word. We have no cities, though one very small town bears the high-sounding title of Malheur City; but this, I think, is because there is, in Eastern Oregon, a lake, river, town and county all bearing the name of Malheur. It would seem as though the meaning of the word is not very complimentary to the places which bear it, but perhaps names were scarce. Just now there is intense rivalry between several of the little towns for the possession of the county-seat. Principal among these is Vale, where the county-court has been held since its institution, and Ontario, through which the railroad passes. The leading men of each of these places think if they could secure the county-seat their little town would soon expand into a city, and, doubtless, it would; and, though neither of these places are central, the northren part is the most thickly populated. The land, mostly consisting of small valleys, shut in among the hills and mountains, is very fertile, but, owing to the scarcity of rain in the summer season, irrigation is necessary to produce a crop. Ten years ago large herds of cattle were wintered here without feeding, subsisting on the luxuriant native grasses, the chief of which, a perennial rye, stood high above the snow; but now the wild range is eaten off, so that those who raise stock here will have to feed them in the winter. There are gold and silver mines in the county that yield fair wages, nothing *very* rich having been found that I have heard of. The people are of that free-and-easy type usually met with in such places, who, to borrow one of their own phrases, "do not care whether school keeps or not," and yet they are kind-hearted and enterprising.

Now, I would like to tell you of the religious condition: Scattered all over the county, by twos and threes and single, are persons who have been in connection with some church before they came here, and, in a majority of cases, are trying to be Christians still; but in all the county there are only two ministers of the gospel at work—one, a young Methodist itinerant, has not been here long, but is full of hope as to what he is going to accomplish. He has a circuit of a hundred miles in extent, and can only preach once a month in a place. The other is Mrs. Smith, a lady working in the interest of the Baptist denomination. Preaching in almost the same places as the Methodist minister, to keep her appointments last winter, she had to brave cold and storms severe enough to have appalled the stoutest masculine heart. She is a pleasant speaker, and has taught the people here one lesson they needed to learn—that is, a woman can speak in public and still be womanly. Yet, in spite of all these two can do, it is easy to be seen how destitute this county is of religious teaching. Think of it, a whole county without a prayer-meeting! Now, what is to done about it? The bulk of the people do not care enough about religion to support churches if they had them, and are mostly raising large families as ignorant of the Bible as a South Sea Islander. They will throw twenty-five, or, perhaps fifty, cents into the hat when a collection is taken up, but *regular*, systematic giving never seems to enter their minds—indeed, they will scoff at the idea, if it is suggested to them. One man calls the preachers "money-grabbers" simply because they cannot live upon mountain air and sage-brush, and he only voices the sentiment of quite a large class. Under these circumstances is there any way this people can be Christianized, only by *home missionary* effort? To the best of my information there is not a Congregational church in Eastern Oregon, though here and there we find its members working, as they have opportunity, with other churches. Why this is so I scarcely know. The field is certainly large enough and is fast growing in wealth and importance, and, in the meantime, many a life is going out in darkness that, perhaps, might have been brought to the light. "Truly, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

M. L.

Malheur City, March 16, 1888.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

Very encouraging news comes from Societies of Christian Endeavor in all missionary lands. The annual report of the Woman's Board of Missions says that the Society connected with the school in Osaka, Japan, is reaching out helping hands in all directions. Each Christian girl has pledged herself to take three "unchristian girls as her special charge, and lead them to Christ, and to speak to at least one other every day." In Tillypally, Ceylon, the girls connected with the society go out to evangelistic meetings, at which they do the singing, while other ones speak and pray. In Samokov, Turkey, the Christian Endeavor Society has been the means of developing character, and is fruitful of good. In Honolulu much earnest work has been done by the Society connected with the Central Union church, and within a year nearly one hundred dollars has been contributed for missionary purposes.

In some places much interest is manifested among the deaf-mutes in the Society. It would seem at first sight as though mutes, owing to the strict prayer-meeting pledge, would be cut off from the privileges of the Society, but they write out their testimonies, which are read by some other member of the Society. The *Deaf-Mute Journal* suggests that such Societies be established in the deaf-mute schools.

The seventh anniversary of the first Society established—the one in the Williston church, Portland, Me.—was celebrated very pleasantly on February 9th. Several of the neighboring pastors participated in the exercises, and the former pastor of the church and originator of the Societies, Rev. F. E. Clark, made the address. The growth from 1 society with 60 members to 4,000 societies with 300,000 members in all parts of the world seems like a marvelous story, but the figures are probably a decided understatement of the truth.

The efforts of the New Haven Christian Endeavor Union to hold evangelistic meetings in every church that invited them have met with a good degree of success. Six such meetings have been held in different churches, and a number of hopeful conversions have resulted from each meeting.

Many of the Chautauqua Assemblies for the coming summer have already included Christian Endeavor Day in their programme. Round Lake, Fryeburg, Northampton, and other Assemblies, have already secured speakers for that day.

That the Christian Endeavor Societies' work is in the utmost harmony with Christian associations is shown by the fact that a Society of Christian Endeavor has just been established in the Young Woman's Christian Association of Boston, which is doing efficient service.

A JUBILEE SERVICE.

Last Thursday evening was a time of rejoicing in the Twentieth-street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. A large company from the various evangelical churches of the Mission came together to celebrate the fact that the Branch was entirely free of debt. All bills in connection with fitting up and furnishing the elegant parlors, gymnasium, and bathing-rooms, office and reading-room had been paid, and the membership had reached 175. Great success is attending the work of the Branch, and the large and intelligent audience present last Thursday evening testified to the interest manifested by the citizens in that part of the city in the work. Mr. J. W. Butler, Chairman of the Branch, was unavoidably detained from the meeting, and Mr. H. J. McCoy, General Secretary of the parent Association, presided. Remarks were made by Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., pastor of Bethany Congregational church, and Rev. J. H. Hector, the colored orator; a brief musical and literary programme was presented and a prayer of thanksgiving offered by Rev. T. J. Curtis, pastor of the Woodbridge Presbyterian Church. The place was packed to its utmost capacity and a large number stood throughout the entire service. At the close of the speeches and literary programme, the Ladies' Central Committee, of which Mrs. C. S. Holmes is President, served ice-cream and cake; and the social reunion was one of great enjoyment and long to be remembered by those who were privileged to be present. The total amount of fitting up the building was about $2,500. A large number of business men were present, including Mr. George W. Gibbs, President of the parent Association, and Mr. Holmes of the Renton Holmes, Lumber & Co., who also takes a very deep interest in the work.

Dr. Mutchmore, in the *Presbyterian*, gives an interesting account of the work among the Jews at Buda-Pesth and elsewhere in Hungary. A very encouraging labor is bestowed upon Jewish children in the city. Also, in a small rural community of Jews, their Rabbi, Lichtenstein, has made a great stir by owning Jesus as the Messiah, although he has not been baptized, and still, strange to say, continues to officiate as the minister of the congregation. He has had to suffer much persecution. He has published one "testimony," which has been spoken of in high terms by Professor Delitzsch of Germany. He is about to publish another pamphlet, which his wife says will "bring a storm." He claims that he delays baptism because he wishes his congregation, which he has served thirty-five years, to join him. It is said that among the Jews there is now a sensitive state of inquiry, a restlessness which is like "a needle quivering before an unseen magnet."

The work of erecting the new library building at Yale College will be begun at once, the contracts calling for the building to be finished for the 1889 commencement. It will form one of a series of three, connected by galleries, which, it is hoped, will finally house Yale's literary treasures; but this, the first of the three, will itself be one of the largest college library buildings in the United States. It will accommodate 300,000 volumes and will include a large reading-room. The cost of it is borne by S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, who gave $125,000 to the college, with the provision that the new library should be a memorial of his daughter, Mrs. Lusk. The building is said to be 106 feet in length, 106 feet in depth, and about 80 in height. The exterior will be entirely of cut stone, and the building will be iron and masonry throughout, and entirely fireproof.

To be something to God, is not that enough? To be a thing that God cares for, and would have complete, for himself, because it is worth caring for, is not that life enough?

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ON MAY THE 4th

An Excursion will leave San Francisco, under the supervision of GEO. C. MCCONNELL, of the Bible House, 735 Market street, San Francisco, and will leave Los Angeles May 3, 1888, for

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This party is arranged for the express purpose of enabling those who desire to attend the meetings of the Church Courts in May, their friends, or others wishing to join a select party to make the trip East, at considerable less than first-class rates; and, besides, to make up a party of friends, thereby insuring all who join the excursion an enjoyable journey East.

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Children's Corner.

"SAMANTHA ALLEN'S ADVICE."

A SONG.

Josiah, put your slippers on,
And cease your needless clatter,
I want to have a word with you
About a little matter.

CHORUS:
Josiah, look me in the face;
You know this world's condition,
Yet you have never cast a vote
Right out for Prohibition.

I heard you on your knees last night
Ask help to keep from strayin',
And now I want to know if you
Will vote as you've been prayin'?

You've prayed as loud as any man
While with the tide a-floatin';
Josiah, you must stop sich work,
And do some better votin'!

We women pray for better times,
And work right hard to make 'em;
You men vote whisky with its crimes,
And we just have to take 'em.

How long, Josiah, must this be?
We vote and pray 'gainst evil;
You *pray* all right, for what I see,
But *vote* plumb for the devil.

There, now; I've said my say, and you
Just save your ammunition,
And vote the way you've always prayed,
For total Prohibition.

—*A. M. Brunner.*

A WARNING.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"Do you believe in signs, Aunt Elinor? I don't mean just putting things on wrong side out, but other things. Mary Ellen thinks 'most everything is a sign—if you drop a fork on the floor, or go out one door and come in another, or come back after something, after you start to go away. That was what we did the day I broke my arm, and she said it was a sure sign."

"Suppose you tell me about breaking your arm, and then I can decide better."

"Well, I'll tell you. It isn't very pleasant to remember, but it might be a warning to somebody, though I don't exactly see how.

"You know they don't buy their flour at a store up at grandpa's; they have it made at a mill. David takes bags full of wheat, days when he isn't too busy, and goes to a mill and has it ground up into flour. Sometimes he waits for it to be done, and sometimes there's too many ahead of him, and then he has to go again.

"This time he was going to wait, because grandma wanted him to take some more rags to the carpet-woman, and he could do that while they were grinding.

"Jim and I had the promise to go, but David had kept putting off, till Aunt Lib didn't have enough flour to bake things for the sewing society, and then he had to go. He put some rye in, too, and some corn, while he was about it; and Aunt Lib put the balls of carpet-rags in a bushel measure, and set it on the back porch, so David wouldn't forget it, but he did. He expected to drive around by the house for Jim and me; but we went out to the barn, we were in such a hurry to go; and then we didn't know but Aunt Lib would think of something more to tell us not to do. She might say not to go in the mill, and it is such fun to see the wheels whirling, and the flour come sifting out, and feel just a little bit afraid.

"David loaded on the bags while the wagon was in the shed, and spread a blanket over for us to ride on, with the biggest bag to lean against. Then he opened the great gate and drove out. We got most to the sheep barn, and, when David looked around to see if he shut the gate, he just remembered the rags. He said, 'What a gump I be!' and drove right back.

"Mary Ellen was on the porch seeding raisins. She brought us the measure with the rags, and scolded David for coming back. She told him something would be sure to happen, but David only laughed. He said if all her signs came true, there wouldn't be time for anything else to happen; and anyhow, if he left those carpet-rags, the lightning would strike somewhere, signs or no signs.

"I don't see as carpet-rags would have anything to do with a thunder-storm, but David often says such things to Mary Ellen. He likes her; he told Jim so; and I should think Mary Ellen would like him, because he gets her such lots of kindlings, and always wipes his feet on the mat.

"Nothing at all happened to us, only Jim lost his hat, and a boy that was ploughing out corn brought it to him. The miller helped David carry in the bags, and said there was only one grist ahead of us, and that was most run through; but they couldn't grind any rye till the next week. I guess that was what the sign was for; but David said it took that miller a day to make up his mind about anything, so he must have started before we turned back. When they had unloaded, we drove over the bridge to go to the carpet-woman's. She lives in a little brown house, about as big as our chicken house. She is little herself, and has a hump on her back. She wears caps with wide ruffles that go flapping about when she walks, and has big green spectacles over her eyes. Jane Ann Cutler said she was a witch, and when anybody lost things she could tell if they were stolen. We saw a bottle hanging out at the upstairs window with a string. David s'posed it was some of her doctor stuff; so we asked her, and it was.

"She makes it out of all sorts of leaves and roots, and then it has to hang three weeks in the sunshine before it will cure things. It is to take, and to rub on you, both; and David says it'll cure most anything, because he's tried it for rheumatism, and toothache, and for the red calf when it got choked with an apple, and chilblains. The woman looked cross, 'count of the spectacles; some like the wolf in "Red Riding-Hood," with the grandmother's cap on; but she spoke pleasant, and wove a little strip of carpet to show us how. It's easy enough to do; I told her I believed I could do it myself. She said most anything was easy to do when you knew how; the hard part was to keep on doing it. That is so, Aunt Elinor; it is the keeping on that makes things hard. The carpet she was making was for another woman. She had to finish it before she could begin grandma's, but it was most done. It had stripes across—first, all red, and then all blue, and then sort of dingy ones; but grandma has her rags mixed together, blue, red, and all kinds. The carpet woman thought that was the best way, to mix the bright colors in as you went along, to liven up the dingy ones.

"David laughed when she said that. He said that was grandma's way with everything; she mixed in enough bright to keep things about even all the time; but he'd seen more folks that were streaked, and such narrow stripes of bright that it made the rest all the dingier. The carpet-woman nodded her head so her cap-ruffles waved back, and said you could make a warm, serviceable carpet without any bright, and that was what some folks had to do. I s'pose David understood what she meant, and I did partly. I guess she is one of the kind herself that don't have any brght to put in, and have to get along without any good times. I didn't dare to give her anything; but Jim and I had each of us an orange to eat on the way, and we saved them to eat at the mill, because we like to make boats out of the peel, and see them go over the dam. I put my orange in a little basket where she had balls of yarn, and left it for her to find; and don't you think, Aunt Elinor, she s'posed it was a mistake when she found it, and saved it up till Mary Ellen came with some more rags, and sent it back to me. By that time it was all mouldy inside, so nobody could eat it; but she told Mary Ellen she enjoyed the smell of it in the house. It made her think of once when she was a little girl, and her father brought an orange home to her when he came back from peddling tinware. Aunt Lib sort of sniffed, the way she does when she thinks things are silly; but the very next time she took rags to the carpet-woman, she carried her a basket with oranges in it and lemons.

"Well, next thing we went back to the mill and watched them grinding, and then we went outside, under a tree, to eat Jim's orange. He divided, and we made four boats out of the peel; two-masters, with leaves for sails. You take a straw and run it through the leaf this way, and stick the other end in the orange peel, and it makes a lovely boat. Both of Jim's went over the dam, but mine stopped; and, when we threw stones to start them, they both tipped over. David said Mary Ellen would call that a bad sign for me, and he advised me to keep away from the mill-pond, fear it might come true. So we got in the wagon and waited; and, when the flour was ready, David drove home fast as he could, because there was going to be a thunder-storm. It just began to patter a little on the stones when we got to the sheep barn, and we saw Aunt Lib on the porch looking for us.

"David said, 'Here we are, all safe and sound, in spite of Mary Ellen's sign.'

"Jim jumped off to open the big gate, and just then there came an awful zigzagy lightning, as if all the clouds would melt up. The grey horse jumped forward before the gate was quite open; the wheel bumped against the post and smashed all to pieces, and the wagon tipped slanting and slid me onto the ground.

"I don't remember the next thing at all; but Jim says Aunt Lib ran right out into the pour and picked me up and carried me into grandma's room and laid me on the lounge. First thing I do remember was a funny kind of smell in my nose; and there was grandma fanning me with her best turkey-feather fan, and the ends of the feathers all burned off. All the folks were there, and Jim was crying and so was Mary Ellen. I guessed it didn't hurt me much, and grandpa said, 'She's all right now; aren't you, Kathy?'

"But, when I tried to sit up, we found my arm was broken. That made Mary Ellen cry worse than ever, but Aunt Lib said she was thankful it wasn't my back or my head. If it was my back, I s'pose I might be crooked, like the carpet-woman; or, if it was my head, I might be an idiot, and that is worse than anything—only, if I was an idiot, I shouldn't know enough to know it, and that's some comfort. Grandma says we ought to think more about being thankful for the things that don't happen to us, and I say so too.

"David had to go to Darbyville in all the rain to get the doctor to mend my arm, and he looked so mis'able I felt sorry for him. Mary Ellen said she didn't pity him a mite, because it was all his fault, coming back after he started. Grandpa said it was David's fault, too, because he ought to got the wheel fixed when he knew it was ready to break down the first hard knock.

"That doctor isn't a very pleasant man; but I guess most anybody would get over being pleasant, having to come five miles in the dark when it was raining. I thought he was making fun, 'cause he called it a neat job, and asked Aunt Lib why she didn't set it herself, as she did the black turkey's leg. Then he pulled, and jerked, and just about killed me, and kept looking all the time as if he didn't care a bit; but may be he was sorry inside.

"The worst about broken bones is that they grow up so slow; but, after I could go outdoors, I didn't mind very much.

"Jane Ann Cutler brought over her fairy book, and read me the rest of the story I wanted to know; but it didn't end nice, after all. I made up an end to it myself, after Esther took her book away, and I believe my way was the best. The beginning was lovely, and you 'sposed it was truly fairies; and then it turned into a dream, and was only a moral to show you how bad it was to be a put-offer. I hate fairy stories that turn into morals. Fairy stories are some like those pretty glass plums and cherries that we hang on the Christmas tree. You know they're just glass, but you don't want anybody to explain 'em, because all the fun is in supposing. Oh, Aunt Elinor! you haven't told me if you really think it was a sign."—*S. S. Times.*

COWBOY FUN.

In the April *Century*, Theodore Roosevelt has a description of a "Round-Up" in the cattle country, which is illustrated from pictures made on the spot by F. Remington. From it we quote the following: "While the men are gathered in a little knot, planning out the work, the others are dispersed over the plain in every direction, racing, breaking rough horses, or simply larking with one another. If a man has an especially bad horse, he usually takes such an opportunity, when he has plenty of time, to ride him; and while saddling he is surrounded by a crowd of most unsympathetic associates who greet with uproarious mirth any misadventure. A man on a bucking horse is always considered fair game, every squeal and jump of the bronco being hailed with cheers of irony for the rider and shouts to 'stay with him.' The antics of a vicous bronco show infinite variety of detail, but are all modeled on one general plan. When the rope settles round his neck the fight begins, and it is only after much plunging and snorting that a twist is taken over his nose, or else a hackamore—a species of severe halter, usually made of plaited hair—slipped on his head. While being bridled he strikes viciously with his fore feet, and perhaps has to be blindfolded or thrown down; and to get the saddle on him is quite as difficult. When saddled, he may get rid of his exuberant spirits by bucking under the saddle, or may reserve all his energies for the rider. In the last case, the man, keeping tight hold with his left hand check-strap, so as to prevent the horse from getting his head down until he is fairly seated swings himself quickly into the saddle. Up rises the bronco's back into an arch; his head, the ears laid straight back, goes down between his fore feet, and squealing savagely, he makes a succession of rapid, stiff-legged, jarring bounds. Sometimes he is a 'plunging' bucker, who runs forward all the time while bucking; or he may buck steadily in one place, or sun-fish,' –that is, bring first one shoulder down—almost to the groundt and then the other—or else he may change ends while in the air. A first-class rider will sit throughout it all without moving from the saddle, quieting his horse all the time, though his hat may be jarred off his head and his revolver out of its sheath. After a few jumps, however, the average man grasps hold of the horn of the saddle—the delighted onlookers meanwhile earnestly advise him not to 'go to leather'–and he is contented to get through the affair in any shape provided he can escape without being thrown off. An accident is of necessity borne with a broad grin, as any attempt to resent the raillery of the bystanders—which is perfectly good-humored—would be apt to result disastrously.

THE SWISS GUARD.

The Pope has his own soldiers, who are not very many, and who generally act as guards to the different parts of the Vatican. Behind the bronze doors, which are immense barred gates, we saw some of these soldiers, one of whom will ask us for our *permossos*, or permits. I am sure you never beheld military gentlemen like them before. They are called the Swiss Guard, and are dressed in a uniform of flowing tunic and breeches, formed of broad, perpendicular stripes of black, red and yellow, long stockings striped in black and yellow, and on state occasions, they wear brass hemlets with heavy white plumes, and carry halberds, or pikes with ax-heads at the ends. The officers' dress, of the same design, is of bright silk, and they make a fine appearance. These men aprear as if they belonged to the Middle Ages and had nothing to do with modern times, and they very properly seem so, for their uniform was designed by Michael Angelo not long after the discovery of America, and it has never been changed. It used to be the custom of many of the potentates of Europe to have personal guards, composed of Swiss soldiers, as they were considered more honest and trustworthy than any others. In Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward" you will learn a great deal about the Swiss guards of France. In Paris the porter at the doors of great houses is still called "The Swiss," though he is almost always a Frenchman; and these guards of the Pope are now Italians, but they still retain the old name.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

At one of the mills in the city of Boston, a boy was wanted, and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts, so that all the boys could see as they passed by. The paper read:

"Boy wanted. Call at the office tomorrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and he said: "Now boys, when I only want one of you how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with the stick a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys all tried hard, and, after three hard trials, each failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said: "You see, sir, I have a mother, and we are very poor. I have no father, sir, and I thought I would like to get the place, and so help all I can; and after going home yesterday, I drove a nail in the barn and have been trying ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place.

Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man: and at the time of an accident at the mills he was the first to step forward with a gift of $500 to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.—*Anon.*

HOME-MADE AIR-GUNS.

There is fascination in shooting at a mark, whether it be with revolver, rifle, bow, or "sling-shot." None of these weapons, however, are appropriate for in-door use, and a winter evening is not likely to be any the shorter or more jolly on their account. To be sure, small rifles and air-guns are manufactured, but they are rather expensive, and hardly pay for the investment. Home-made air-guns of considerable accuracy, and just enough power, may be made for a nominal sum.

Required, a long tin tube to be obtained at any toy shop in response to a request for a "putty-blower," some worsted, pins, and a piece of very fine wire.

The "putty-blower" is a complete weapon in itself and only ammunition must be prepared. Wind a quarter yard of worsted around a piece of card about three-fourths of an inch wide; pull it off the card, and around one end of the little bundle tie a piece of the worsted. Then push a pin through the center of the bundle from the loose end, and let it project half an inch. Bind the worsted firmly to the pin with the fine wire, and cut the ends of the bundle with the scissors. The strands of the worsted will make a brush-like end to the dart and guide it through the air.

The gun is discharged as follows: The dart is introduced at one end, and pushed in until it just disappears. The same end is put between the lips and covered by the tip of the tongue, while the cheeks are expanded. When the pressure of air is considerable the tongue is suddenly removed, and the dart expelled. Put a target on a door, and in succession aim the darts at it. They will stick fast in the wood even at a considerable distance. A little practice will enable a person to become an expert and accurate marksman with the air-gun.—*Our Youth.*

MEND YOURSELF.

Once upon a time there was a schoolmaster placed over a new school. His pride was aroused, and he wanted to make that just the very best school that ever was. He pondered over it a good while, and he concluded that the best way to get at his object was to rouse a spirit of self-respect and self-improvement in the pupils. So, one day, he talked to them quite earnestly; and finally he said, thinking he had made the subject very plain to them all:

"Now, boys, I believe there's just one way to do this thing. If each one of you will make up his mind to mend one boy of his faults, the whole school will be improved in a very short time."

"All right, sir," spoke up little Jimmy Eaton, who had been very much interested in the discussion: "I'll mend Jack Wyeth." The whole school laughed aloud, for it seemed funny that the only boy who had not understood what the teacher meant was the one to be so eager to answer.

But, boys, I wonder how many of you, if your name had been Jimmy Eaton, would have made up your mind to mend Jimmy Eaton instead of Jack Wyeth. It is so easy to try to mend other folks, and much pleasanter to note other people's faults instead of our own. If you see faults in your schoolmates, don't talk about it or them, but say to yourself: "That looks pretty bad in Jack. I wonder if I do anything like that." If, on self-examination, you do, just struggle your best to mend it. Or, if you find you haven't that particular fault, pick out some other from your own, and the chances are ten to one that, by the time you have corrected yours, he will have corrected his, especially if he notices you trying to break yourself of the habit, whatever it may be.—*Golden Days.*

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Miscellany.

[For THE PACIFIC.]

THE HILLS OF CALIFORNIA.

With wonder at your loveliness,
O beautiful hills, I gaze,
And bow a silent worshiper,
As crimson and purple haze
From sunset's gorgeous dyes
Paints each fair with beauty
Borrowed from the radiant skies!

None but the Mighty Architect,
With his all-powerful hand,
Could rear yon emerald altars,
Those temples ever grand,
Where voices seem to whisper
Of fair creation's birth,
Of the song which the morning stars
Sang o'er our infant earth.

'Tis meet that clouds should nestle
Around each giant form,
Adding luster to a beauty
Unharmed by wind or storm;
That old Ocean sends a tribute
In a veil of mist so rare
That it fills my soul with rapture
When I gaze at aught so fair.

Tell me, thou bird with soaring wing,
In search of thy birdling nest,
Hast thou seen aught more beautiful
Than yon mountain's shining crest,
Where the sun's warm kiss melts the snowflake
Into gushing, laughing rills,
To bathe with a shower of diamonds
The feet of the beautiful hills.

M. W. S.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

What a boon to all his friends and acquaintance a pleasant person is! It may be hard to define pleasantness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always by any means the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting; for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthiest of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which make against his agreeableness as a companion; and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are *likable*. We perhaps have no desire to make friends of them in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interests of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant, because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drafts on their patience and sympathy.

If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may perhaps say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions, slowly acquired and grown in us. For the first nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second.

It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much "shut up in his own individuality," to use the phrase of an English writer—that is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are, and what they are worth to him for the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily, and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hard-working, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests beside his personal and professional ones. None of these were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other persons' ideas, his interest in literature and art, as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diversive sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man, how pleasant he must be to himself—how comfortable to live with every day!—*April Atlantic.*

WANTED—THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

The passage by the House of the bill opening the great Sioux reservation will, it is hoped, be speedily followed by similar action on the part of the Senate. As has long been recognized, the status of this vast tract is not only an industrial wrong, closing a territory larger than many flourishing States to settlement, but, as regards its present occupants, a palpable absurdity as well. According to the report of the Indian Commissioner for 1883, the last we have at hand, this territory contains 48,000 square miles, including 31,408,551 acres in Western Dakota, with a population of about 24,000 inhabitants—that is to say, that an area larger than the State of New York, and with an average of two square miles to each inhabitant, is left to stand as a barrier to emigration and a block to internal improvement. It lies between the Missouri river and the Black Hills, in Western Dakota, practically isolating the latter region and preventing the construction of railroads to the west and south, and, under present conditions, is of use to nobody. Nearly all the territory is available for agricultural or pastoral purposes, while the Black Hills section abounds in precious metals, and has, beside, the most extensive deposit of tin found anywhere in the world. Surrounded on all sides by a well-settled country, the construction of railroads would bring the mineral riches of the region within easy access, and open millions of acres of choice agricultural lands to actual settlement. That a country so favored, and, at the same time, so largely in excess of the actual wants of the inhabitants, can long be kept locked to the dominant race, it is unreasonable to suppose, as it should be that a government like ours can do injustice to the Indians and deprive them of their property without an equivalent. And yet several agreements for the cession of this territory have been set aside, owing to the disregard of the provisions of the treaty of 1868, that all treaties must be ratified by three-fourths of the adult males of the tribe. In the present measure, however, it is pleasant to note that the rights of the Indian owners have been carefully respected, and a repitition of the frauds charged upon the Black Hills treaty of 1876 and the agreement of 1883 cautiously guarded against. It purposes to open only a portion of the territory to settlement, reserving sufficient land in reservations to still give every Indian, without reference to age or sex, about 500 acres, and providing for the assent of the tribe and payment for the surplus. The land which will thus accrue to government will make about 70,000 homesteads of 160 acres each. and which, under the law, can only be occupied by actual settlers, and to which the pre-emption, timber-culture and desert-land acts will not apply. Such a measure should be satisfactory to the Indians, while that it is in the interest of civilization and that its beneficial effects will be felt throughout the entire Northwest goes without saying.—*Interior.*

MIRTHFUL MENTION.

A colored minister in the South is said to have remarked to his congregation that the loudest kind of amens didn't help the contribution boxes.

Husband (with carving-knife and fork)—"Aren't the children ready for dinner?" *Wife*—"Yes, dear, but as we have ducks for dinner, and the children have just returned from Sunday-school, I thought it better that they should remain up-stairs until you get through with the carving."

"A little school boy wrote the word 'psalm' in his copy-book, and accidently blotted out the 'p' with the sleeve. His little sister at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the embryo spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: 'What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing, and what was the good of him?'"

When a lady condescends to a practical joke it generally is a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin money. One day a lady, closely veiled and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A minister of our acquaintance was seated in his study one day, hard at work on his sermon, when his little boy entered and held up his finger, which he had just cut with his new jack-knife. "Oh, don't bother me," said his father; don't you see I am busy?" The youngster walked to the door, and, looking back, said, "I don't think it would have hurt you to say, 'Oh!'"—*Golden Days.*

A short time ago a gentleman took his little son on a railway excursion. The little fellow was looking out of the window, when the father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was much grieved at his supposed loss, when papa consoled him by saying he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long after, the little lad flung the hat out of the window, shouting, "Now, papa, whistle it back again!" A roar of laughter in the carriage served to enhance the confusion of perplexed papa.

Mary and Willie, aged respectively six and four years, were sitting together in one large rocking chair near a window during a heavy thunder storm. As the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder more terrible, Mary, who sat nearest the open window, began to be greatly frightened, but her little brother very promptly said: "Let me sit on the thunder side, sister." Was ever anything more beautifully polite or truly chivalrous?—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

The New York *Age* says: "A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: 'Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about half an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it.' The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after."

ROSA BONHEUR'S STUDIO DRESS.

That Rosa Bonheur dresses in male attire has often been commented upon by her biographers. The idea commonly obtains that it is her usual costume. But if you should meet her in the streets of Paris, you would see a large elderly lady, rather plainly dressed in black, her abundant gray hair tucked under a close bonnet; and, unless you were attracted by the peculiar strength of her face and by her piercing, attentive eyes, you would not notice that she differed from any lady in the passing crowd, except that she wears the red ribbon of the decoration of the *Legion d'honneur.*

But Rosa Bonheur at work in her home does wear male costume. Years ago, when she was a young woman and a student, she adopted it, because it gave her more freedom in her studies at the menageries and cattle-yards. Dressed as a boy she attracted less comment and attention from the hangers-on of the stables than if she had gone amongst them in petticoats. For when Rosa Bonheur began her studies, fifty years ago, young women artists were not as common as they are at the present day, when there are many studios especially for women art-students. Then, fifty years ago, a studio for women did not exist in Paris. A woman sketching in public would have been annoyed by public notice. Also, at the period when she adopted male attire, art-students were not the fashionable men they are to-day. They did not follow the passing styles in coats, hats and neckties, but wore what they considered to be more artistic garb—looser, freer and easier clothes than the dandy; and when they were at work the workman's linen blouse was the usual garment. The adoption of these blouses may have been for two reasons; first, that they were picturesque, cool, and did not hinder the free use of the arms when at work; and, second—what ought, perhaps, to have been named first—it saved the coat; and in those days, when the student often entered the profession of art against the wishes of his parents or friends, coats were hard to be got.

Naturally, Rosa Bonheur appreciated the good studio qualities of the blouse; and, when she first resolved to go to her out-of-doors studies disguised as a boy student, she wore it; and at work now, when she is 62 years old, she still keeps to this easy garment, having added to it the ordinary men's trousers, which make her feet appear very small, also a wide-brimmed felt or straw hat. In this dress, with her short hair, she appears of much lower stature than in woman's apparel, and looks like a remarkably well-preserved, middle-aged man.

I remember that one afternoon we were walking together on the border of the river at By, when she discovered in the distance a canal-boat loading with stone from a quarry on the river. The digging and blasting to get the stone had destroyed a picturesque promontory that was dear to Rosa's eyes, and she exclaimed in consternation: "They are destroying and carrying off my landscape!"

"To build art galleries," I laughingly replied.

"Are you sure?" she asked, continuing the pleasantry.

"Certainly; they would be vandals indeed, if they destroyed the picturesque for any other object, Madame."

As we were talking we had stepped out of the narrow path to let a peasant, heavily laden, pass, and he, hearing me say "Madame," turned and looked at us. He turned and looked a second time; and beyond us, along the path and up the hillside, he still looked, evidently wondering where the "Madame" could be whom I was addressing, and by his astonishment I knew he must be a stranger, for all the inhabitants round about her chateau know by sight the famous painter.—*Wide Awake.*

GENERALS MADE, NOT BORN.

General Sherman, in a paper in the forthcoming *Century* on the "Grand Strategy of the War," says: "I will quote here an expression of a personal friend who was a good soldier of the civil war, now a Senator in Congress, contained in an address which he recently delivered to the graduating class of a college in Michigan: 'Of course, knowledge is power; we all know that. But mere knowledge is not power; it is simply possibility. *Action* is power, and its highest manifestation is action without knowledge.'

"How true this is, is felt by every soldier who has been in battle. It is not the man who knows most, but the one who *does* best, that wins. Grant and Meade and Sheridan at the end of the war could have been taught many lessons by learned professors, but none of these could have guided the forces to victory at Chattoanooga, defended his position as Meade did at Gettysburg, or hurled his masses as Sheridan did at Winchester. Action guided by knowledge is what is demanded of the modern general. He must know as much of the school of the soldier as any man in the ranks; he must know what men can do and what they cannot do; he must foresee and forereach to provide in advance the food, clothing, ammunition, and supplies of every nature and kind necessary for the maintenance of his command, and he must gain the affections and confidence of all the men committed to his charge. Above all, he must *act* according to the best knowledge and information he can obtain, preferably coupled with experience acquired long in advance. If we demand of the engineer of a locomotive, composed of bits of iron, both knowledge and experience, how much more should we demand these qualities in the general of a army, composed of living men, with immortal souls! There may be such men as born generals, but I have never met them, and doubt the wisdom of trusting to their turning up in an emergency."

THE COST OF WAR.

[Senator George F. Hoar, at the banquet tendered by the Commercial Club of Boston to the British Peace Deputation.]

The cost of our late war, not counting the cost to the States, not counting the cost to the side that was defeated, not counting the cost to the towns and cities, probably exceeded $6,000,000,000. Now what does that mean? What could have been done with that sum? Our parallèl of latitude is about 10,000 miles on land in going around the world, and with that $6,000,000,000 you could put every ten miles the world round on the parallel of Boston a university with an endowment of $7,000,000. Our friend spoke of the cost of a ship of war—£900,000, $4,500,000 in a single man-of-war, saying nothing of supporting her after she was floated. This is more than the endowment of any university in this country, with one exception, and, I suppose, more than the endowment of any university in Great Britain, with two or three exceptions. Why, every peasant born on the continent of Europe is born with a soldier on his back, and he goes through life staggering and stumbling with that soldier perpetually on his shoulders. Now, fellow-citizens, when this deputation comes to us with a message from the greatest power on earth, asking us to join her in an attempt to save all this cost and waste of money, all the loss of human life, all the laceration of the affections of the thousands and millions that in every generation are cut off in youth, taken from parents and wife and child by war, by this simple method of arbitration, I think we must answer to them that they bring us from England a message worthy for England to send and worthy for America to receive.

UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

I have heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I never have met one. If a man has a genuine idea, he can make himself understood.

Literature is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on the unwritten things.

I never have seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.

Vanity and jealousy are the two weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most common.

A thoroughly neat woman is a joy unspeakable, but doesn't she make it busy for the dust and for the people in her neighborhood!

We find plenty of people who don't average well; they know too much for one man, and not quite enough for two. —*The Century.*

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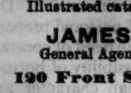

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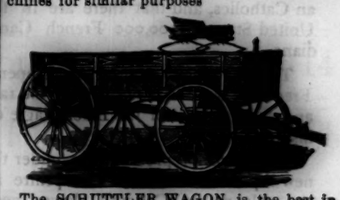

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NEWS ITEMS.

Dr. Addison P. Foster says there are 400,000 French Canadians in New England, all but 35,000 of whom are Roman Catholics, and that there are in the United States 1,100,000 French Canadians.

The first official act of the Emperor Frederick was the conferring of the rare and exalted order of the Black Eagle on his wife.

As a result of prosecutions under the new liquor law of New Hampshire all the saloons in Concord have been closed.

Of the 34,000 men whom the State of Vermont sent to the war, only 6,000 are living to-day. Many died in battle, but more have died since the war.

The Franz brewery in Sioux City, Iowa, managed by John Arensdof at the time of Rev. Haddock's murder, has become a butter and egg depot.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, has given $25,000 toward the erection of a new Young Men's Christian Association building, in Cleveland, O.

Oberlin College, after litigation between the college and the representatives of the James F. Clark estate, has finally accepted the offer of Mrs. James F. Clark, and has received a check for $66,666.67, or one-third of the amount claimed.

The Supreme Court of Hawaii has rendered a decision giving the king a veto power. As he is strongly opposed to all reform movements, all hope of legislation favorable to temperance during the administration has been dispelled.

The people of Japan are greatly interested in the education and elevation of women. In 1887 there were 128 new schools and societies for girls and women established in that country. These are in addition to the public schools which have long existed.

Judge Wm. A. Cheney of California says that during his term as a criminal judge, out of every 1,000 cases which came before him, whisky had something to do with making the criminals in 900 of these cases; that it is the greatest evil on earth, and that he will die before another drop shall pass his lips.

The boys on the training-ship *New Hampshire* publish a little paper called the *Naval Apprentice*. A recent issue says that 30 per cent. of the 158 boys on the *New Hampshire* are of foreign parentage, and that the percentage of American-born enlisted in the training service is much larger now than at any other period.

The *Observer* says: "It is proposed to establish in Bethany ('the town of Mary and her sister Martha,' where the Lord raised Lazarus from the dead) a home which shall form a center of Christian work. The village has to-day about 500 inhabitants who live in squalor and die in ignorance of the gospel. A piece of land has been secured, and the prospect is said to be encouraging."

During the recent blizzard in New York there was a "milk famine," but no scarcity of beer, as the police records show. Of 157 arrests made on Monday, the first day of the storm, 117 were for intoxication—a proportion before unprecedented. On Tuesday 170 were arrested, of which 104 were for drunkenness. The record of disasters shows not a small percentage due to the dram shops.

The Russian Government is pursuing a very severe policy toward the German Lutherans of the Baltic provinces. Under the decrees compelling religious uniformity the Minister of the Interior is authorized to suspend or banish Lutheran pastors without any judicial inquiry. Fifty preachers in Livonia, and as many in Courland, have been warned, and several pastors' wives in Esthonia have been marked out for punishment for holding missionary meetings.

A young American has won an English scholarship under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. The young man is Gordon Taylor Hughes of Ohio, son of the American Consul at Birmingham. After four days of severe competitive examination in a class of 52, he has been awarded a Cambridge scholarship, valued at $2,000. The competition was opened to boys under 19 of all nations. The examination of young Hughes, who is only 17, was conducted while he was confined to bed by illness, and he was compelled to dictate his answers to a stenographer. On learning the result Consul-General Waller telegraphed to young Hughes, congratulating him on the honor he had won as an American student. This is the first instance of an American winning an English scholarship.

The W. C. T. U. of San Francisco county will hold its semi-annual convention Friday, April 13th, in Central M. E. church, Mission street, near Sixth. The morning and evening sessions will be devoted to reports of superintendents and local Unions. In the evening Rollo Kirk Bryan, "the Nast of the temperance cause," gives his wonderful "prohibition chalk talks."

TUCSON.—The word comes that "Five more new members united with us yesterday on profession of their faith in Christ. All praise to the Lord of the harvest!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, APRIL 22. MATT. 25: 1-13.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

We have in this lesson the kingdom of heaven set forth in another parable. This, like the others, has its own peculiar teaching. Preparation for the end of life and for the final judgment is the lesson of this parable. The illustration is taken from a custom familiar to the people addressed. It was their way of celebrating a marriage. Travelers in our day find with the descendants of these people the same customs. The delaying bridegroom, the waning light of the torches, the weary watchers, the awakening cry, the brilliant procession, the entrance of those who were ready and the vain regrets of those outside when the door was shut—all these have, in our day, impressed the truth contained in this parable upon travelers who were only curious spectators of the scene. As in other parables, Christ is the bridegroom, and his absence relates to the time between his ascension and the time when he will come to judge the world; and, since individuals do not last until the end of the world without first rendering up their account, the limit of personal application will be the end of life.

The ten virgins represent all persons who know of Christ and the object he had in view when he came into the world, and who intend, some time, to avail themselves of the opportunity which he offers, to make suitable preparation for the end of life. All such have thought of the coming bridegroom, and hope to be ready to go in with the guests and participate in the wedding feast.

Some were ready and some were not. Here lies the central truth of the parable. The wise were ready. They had oil in their lamps. They not merely thought of becoming Christians, but they did become Christians. Their interest in religious things was not limited to the times when some others were awake and active, but they made it the first business of life to get and to keep all the help and all the blessing that Christ offers in the gospel. Those who ask for pardon of sin, and accept it as a gift bought for them by the blood of Christ, and whose gratitude for such a gift finds expression in words of thankfulness and acts of obedience, have oil in their lamps that will never fail. If it burn low, there is more to pour on, and the flame will be bright whenever they hear the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

The "foolish virgins" represent those who have had some of the same thoughts and the same intentions, and hoped to make the same preparation for the future, but were never quite ready to begin. To the human eye there was not much to distinguish these from the other five. When a tree is full of blossoms, it is not always easy to tell which will bear fruit; but, later in the season, the difference becomes very plain. Those whose religious emotion flashes up in hope of something yet to be, but not now; and whose intentions stretch away over all the future, except the little moment that is under our hand, and warmed by our next breath, are among the foolish ones described by our Lord, who had no oil in their lamps when they most needed it. The foolish, plan for future years; the wise, for the present moment. An important truth is found in the request made by the foolish in the hurry and anxiety of the last moment. Turning to their companions, they made a very natural, but very unavailing, plea, "Give us of your oil." It is not uncommon for such persons, when death is nigh, to turn to their Christian friends, and beg them to begin for them the preparation which they should, long since, have begun for themselves. But parents cannot do this for their children, nor pastors for their people, however much they may desire it. Husbands who are hoping to go to heaven because they favor their wives' religion, and children who respect the Christian lives of their parents, must apply in vain, when they say, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." The kindest friend can only point to the divine source of spiritual help and blessing. Go ye, rather, to that source and get for yourselves. In Christ alone are found pardon, grace and spiritual help.

The last picture in this parable deserves our close attention. The bridegroom went in and the door was shut. The foolish and unready asked in vain for admittance. The answer from the master of the house was, "I know you not." Why did Christ introduce this last scene? Was not the parable full enough of instruction without it? Did it not teach the need of personal preparation for the future life, the need of constant watchfulness, the impossibility of borrowing or lending Christian character and preparation for eternity? Was not all this enough for one parable? The doctrine plainly taught is that this life, and this only, is the time for the preparation to meet our Lord at his coming; that closed door shuts out all other thought. If there were any possibility that, beyond the bounds of time, that door might swing open, and those who thought it not worth their care to be ready might come tardily up to their duty and their privilege, the Author of this parable would certainly have known it; and, if such a light were needed in order to place him before us in his best attitude, and show forth his infinite love, we certainly would have had some modification of this scene. But we may not make a gospel, nor increase nor diminish what has been revealed. We will read with solemn attention the words, "The door was shut," and "I know you not"; and give thanks to God that there is no need of our being on the outside at that time.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, MAR. 30, 1888.

The capital city is again in mourning. The sable emblems may be seen on all the public buildings for the late Chief Justice of the United States.

Neither House of Congress was in session on Wednesday in consequence of the Waite obsequies, which were held at the Capitol. The hall of the House of Representatives was chosen for the funeral ceremonies, it being the largest and, therefore, most suitable for such a service. Small folding-chairs were sandwiched between the fixed furniture of the chamber wherever room could be found or made, and rows of chairs were placed in the front and rear of the chamber, where, usually, there is an open area. The floor was made to accommodate six hundred more people than the 333 who have seats there by election. The Congressmen modestly retired to the rear of the hall, allotting the front to the guests.

The President and Cabinet occupied seats on the floor of the chamber, near the casket, which bore as its only decoration the wreath sent by the President and Mrs. Cleveland. The diplomatic gallery was crowded by the foreign legations in their brilliant costumes, and all the galleries, private, reserved and public, were filled to their utmost capacity. While the obsequies were imposing, they were made as simple as possible by special request from the family. The remains were taken to Toledo, O., by special train, accompanied by the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court and by a Congressional committee. The Senate passed a bill early this week appropriating $5,000 to defray the funeral expenses.

The Woman's International Council now in progress here is strictly a cold-water convention so far. Since Sunday last, when it opened, the rain has not ceased to fall. Men might think this holding a convention under difficulties, but the women are too much enthused, apparently, to know there is anything wrong with the weather. They arm themselves with gossamers, rubbers and umbrellas, and tramp through night rains, as well as day rains, to Albaugh's Opera House, where the conference is being held. This congress of women is of more importance than is generally realized by the people throughout the country, and the organizations to be perfected as the result of it promise to be of historical interest. The wide scope of topics under discussion gives unusual interest to the proceedings. If the crusade had but one end in view—the improvement of their political condition—many representative women from foreign countries who are present would not be here. But nothing that pertains to woman is foreign to this conference. The subject of philanthropies, including prison reform, hospital work, work among the Indians, the temperance question, the consideration of women in the professions and industries, and such topics as social purity and woman's legal condition, have drawn to this Council the workers in the fields suggested, and have given a certain representative character to it. This is by far the most important gathering of women that has ever been; but I am sorry, for woman's own sake, to notice in this international assembly of women, cropping out on all occasions, a certain little feminine weakness which they are prone to betray whenever women congregate. I allude to that disposition among even the best of women workers to resolve themselves into a mutual admiration society, and to laud and compliment and flatter each other until they render themselves ridiculous. Miss Frances Willard, for instance, the President of the W. C. T. U., has received enough fulsome, direct laudation during this convention to have completely addled her brain, had she been a woman of less sense and balance than she is, and as we all know, Miss Willard's good wine needs no bush.

The River and Harbor bill has at last been completed, and was reported to the House on Thursday. It aggregates $19,432,783, and is the largest bill of the kind ever introduced. The appropriation for the Mississippi is $3,385,000; the Missouri, $625,000, and the Ohio, $615,000.

Mr. Randall's Tariff bill will not be reported to the House, it is said, by the Ways and Means Committee, for the reason that it is antagonistic to the Mills bill. It is thought that the Democrats can, by uniting, pass a tariff bill; otherwise they cannot. Mr. Randall is said to have a Presidential bee in his bonnet, and, knowing to what extent the President's message was repudiated by the protection Democrats of the South, went to work and prepared a tariff bill more in harmony with the advocates of internal revenue.

RICH NEW YORKERS.—William K. Vanderbilt's fortune is rated at $112,000,000. Cornelius is said to have $115,000,000; Jay Gould $200,000,000; Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Shepherd and the other two Vanderbilt daughters have $42,000,000 divided among them. C. P. Huntington has $40,000,000, and Hattie Green only $10,000,000 less. The Stewart heirs will get something like $25,000,000. Fred Vanderbilt has $13,000,000 and George $12,000,000. The Astors have among them about $250,000,000, and taking them all around, are the most stably rich people in New York. Their wealth is largely inherited and is in the solidest form, that of real estate.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Supreme Court of the United States, by a majority of one, decided, March 19, that the section of Iowa's prohibitory law prohibiting railway companies bringing liquor into the State is invalid. The opinion is by Justice Matthews Justice Harlan read for himself and for Chief Justice Waite and Justice Gray a long dissenting opinion, maintaining the right of a State to protect the health, morals, peace and good order of its citizens by prohibiting the bringing of intoxicating liquor into it from other States.

Centenarians are not exactly common, but it seems certain that they are far more frequent than was formerly the case. Professor Humphrey of Cambridge has collected reports from actual contemporary observers of 66 cases of centenarians, and upwards of 500 cases of octogenarians and nonagenarians.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix and executor of the estate of Alexander McLea, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the executrix and executor at Rooms 42 and 43, No. 330 Pine street, in the city and county of San Francisco, the same being the office of R. Thompson, attorney-at-law, and the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

DAVID KERR, Executor,
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Of the Estate of Alexander McLea, Deceased.
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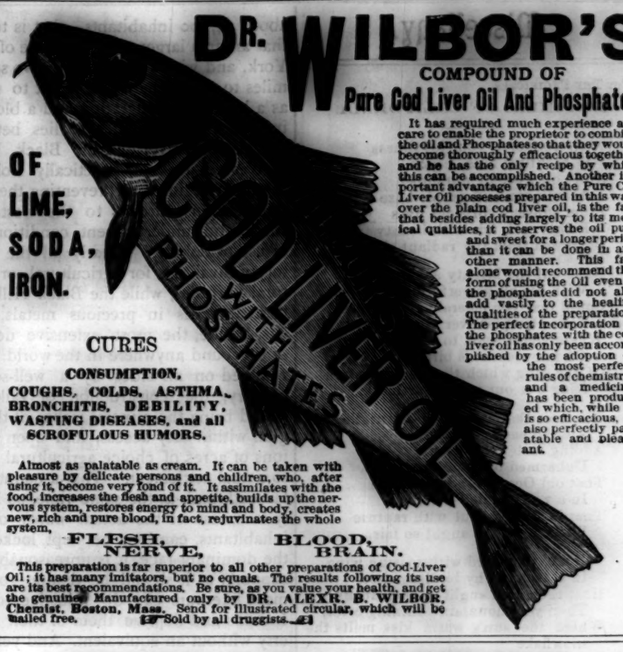

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GEO. C. McCONNELL,
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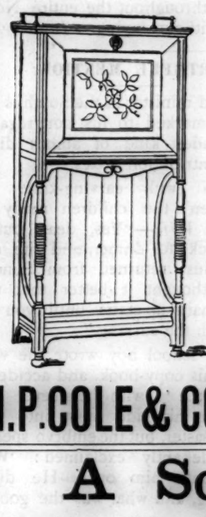

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY

220 to 226 Bush St.

BETWEEN NOW AND THE TIME OF REMOVAL TO to our new store, STARR KING BUILDING, Geary Street, we will make special inducements to purchasers of all grades of

FURNITURE, BEDDING and UPHOLSTERY.

N. P. COLE & CO.

Be sure and see our goods and prices.

A Square Trade!

Manufacturers of tobacco and soap may give away cash premiums for wrappers of boxes returned; dealers in tea and baking powder may offer china and glassware to their patrons as a bait, but we are glad to acknowledge that our customers belong to a class who are bright enough to see through all this

CLAP-TRAP,

and understand that if you are going to give $1,000 back you are going to add $10,000 to the first profit or price charged. Intelligent people everywhere prefer a square deal. It is only the ignorant and foolish that can be won by tricks of this kind. We offer a dollar's worth of good value for a dollar and find it is appreciated by just and honorable persons everywhere. We ask no extravagant profits, and intend to please and secure as customers all who favor us with an order. We will not only supply you with the best goods at the lowest prices, but will take extra pains in selecting for you, packing carefully and forwarding promptly. We mean business every time, and the way to secure it and keep it is by fair trading. If we send you worthless goods by mistake, when you offer to pay for first-class, it is our loss, and we always rectify such mistakes. We cannot afford to have our customers entertain an unfavorable opinion of our way of doing business, and settle all just claims with coin or bank check. We believe you mean to be fair with us or we would not make this offer. New "Home Circle" now ready; ask for it right away. Address

SMITH'S CASH STORE,
416 and 418 FRONT STREET, - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CONGREGATIONAL LESSON HELPS

Pilgrim Quarterlies, Pilgrim Teacher,

And all the issues of the Society in stock at the

DEPOSITORY,

757 MARKET ST., - - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Sabbath-school supplies of all kinds a specialty.

STOVES.

Oil Stoves	$1 00 to $30 00
Gas Stoves	75 " 35 00
Gasoline Stoves	7 00 " 30 00
Coal Ranges	6 00 " 75 00

LAMPS.

Table Lamps	$0 15 to $10 00
Hanging Lamps	1 75 " 20 00
66-candle-power Lamps	1 75 " 10 00
65-candle-power Burners	1 50 each.

Bright Star Oil, per can, $1.50; Deodorized Oil, $2; Gasoline, $1.25. Ten cents each allowed for empty cans in exchange.

Agate and Tin Ware at lowest prices.

MYERS & CO.,
863 MARKET ST., - Opp. Baldwin Hotel.

CHURCH MUSIC.

If you want new music for your church or choir, we will be pleased to send you samples, to be returned to us after examination. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited.

W. W. BRIER & SON,
42 Geary St., San Francisco.

BOOKS.

FINE ART GIFT BOOKS,
MISCELLANEOUS AND STANDARD BOOKS,
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS,
BOOKS FOR REFERENCE,
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BOOKS FOR TEACHERS,
BOOKS FOR STUDENTS.

STATIONERY

BLANK BOOKS,
COMMERCIAL PAPERS,
LADIES' NOTE PAPERS,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL.

Marcus Wood & Co.'s Celebrated Royal Irish Linen Papers Constantly on Hand.

Specialty made of Wedding and Visiting Cards, and the Artistic Designing, Engraving and Illuminating of Monograms, Crests and Arms.

Birthday Cards always in stock.

C. BEACH,
107 Montgomery Street,
P-d31 Opposite the Occidental.